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The GRAPHIC



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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



WILSON GAINS STRONG ALLY IN NORTH

MONTHS ago it became evident to The Graphic that President Taft had little chance of re-election, even if he were nominated, and the method of his nomination resolved the doubt into a certainty. In Southern California, particularly, the hopelessness of his candidacy has been apparent for more than two years. It was because of this reading of the public pulse that we urged the naming of a harmony candidate at Chicago, pointing out the inevitable disruption of the party if the leaders yielded to Mr. Taft's fatuous insistence. Consistently and persistently the plea was made for the relegation of the President to private life, but he had the machinery and the steamroller was ruthlessly operated.

Realizing that with such an incubus the party was doomed to defeat and having no confidence in Mr. Roosevelt's cure-alls, a strong admiration for Woodrow Wilson's personality and his tariff reform principles impelled us to his standard. At first, our old-time Republican readers were inclined to resent this secession, but, gradually, they have seen the true philosophy of our course and many of our former caustic critics are now found openly indorsing Gov. Wilson's candidacy while hundreds are tacitly favoring the Democratic nominee as the best way to rebuke the Bull Mice theft of the Republican machinery of the state. We have not hesitated to denounce the folly of playing into the hands of the Lissner-Johnson party by weakly placing Taft electors on the ticket by petition, a suicidal course that could result only in giving aid and comfort to the third party leaders; it is, in fact, precisely what Lissner is trying to bring about. The more astute Republicans in San Francisco and the north are not to be so trapped and have rejected such a proposal, but the Calhoun-Otis figurehead of the San Francisco Post, who poses as the Taft representative in the state, insists on going contrary to common sense and a cleavage in the Taft Republican ranks has resulted.

Prominent in the state in support of Taft has been the San Francisco Call, an ably conducted newspaper, in many respects the most satisfactory of all the dailies of the northern metropolis. Seeing the handwriting on the wall it has finally determined to desert so palpably hopeless a cause and is now calling upon all Republicans to vote for Wilson in order to rebuke bolters and factional treachery. Reviewing the electoral possibilities by states the Call sees no possible chance for Taft unless he can carry New York, Illinois and Ohio, a remote contingency. Roosevelt might carry Arizona, California, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Montana, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and Wyoming, in

which event he would have 87 votes in a total of 531, which the college will cast. That he will win in all these states is highly improbable. Arizona is strongly Democratic, for example, and the split in Minnesota as in Montana, is likely to land Wilson victor in each state. The Call thinks the Taft cause can triumph in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Vermont, giving him 91 votes. But with the new third party activity in the latter state making big inroads into the nominal Republican strength, Vermont is by no means sure for Taft, in fact the logic of the situation gives the state to Wilson since his following there is as firm as a rock.

But no matter, the main thing is that a strong Wilson champion is now assured in San Francisco and it is fair to assume that Mr. Spreckels' other two papers, the Union and the Tribune of San Diego, will be equally outspoken for the Democratic candidate. With the Call it seems to be the acceptance of a situation it did not seek and could not prevent. Rather than assist in the turning over of the state to Roosevelt and the third party it advises resorting to all honorable political means to put a decisive end to his demagogic tactics and in getting behind Wilson's candidacy is the most logical way of accomplishing the defeat of the Bull Mice leader's aspirations. Of course; there can be no doubt on that score. It has been our argument ever since the Baltimore convention. Only, we support Wilson on principle, believing his election is for the best interests of the country and more to be desired than the triumph of either Taft or Roosevelt.

HAS HAINES FOOLED THE REGULARS?

HAVE the Maine Republicans been buncoed? What becomes of President Taft's message of congratulation to Governor-elect Haines if his alleged declaration in favor of Roosevelt and the third party is founded on fact? Either the governor-elect has been misquoted, or else he has flimflammed his following. Roosevelt claims Haines as a Bull Mice member. Haines does not deny it, but states that he will make no personal move in support of either party or, rather, either "wing" of the Republican party, as he chooses to regard the opposing elements.

Such a declaration cannot fail to arouse the ire of the Taft Republicans in the Pine Tree state. Haines seems to have kept his Roosevelt predilections wholly to himself pending the election, since no hint of his kindly feeling for the chief disrupter of the old party appears to have leaked. We fail to see how he can escape criticism by pretending that the new third party is merely a "wing" of the old one. It is a "wing" that intends to fly off with the electoral vote of Maine if possible, a full set of Roosevelt electors being promised to go on the ballot by petition. If Haines can dodge declaring for or against this movement between now and November he will prove himself a pretty successful wriggler.

In any event his refusal to participate in the contest is likely to subject him to bitter criticism and the loss of Republican votes. Feeling that they have been tricked the Maine "regulars" will seek revenge by endorsing the Wilson electors; it is human nature, there is evidence enough of a similar feeling in California. With only 3000 Republican majority to overcome, a defection of 1500 or more of indignant Republicans will easily swing the state to Wilson. The Haines "explanation" of his attitude will not help either "wing" in the coming electoral struggle. Evidently, Wisconsin does not propose to be fooled. Gov. McGovern is to be invited to declare himself on the presidential question. If he is for

Roosevelt he will be asked to withdraw from the Republican ticket. Should he refuse to do so, an independent will run against him.

LISSNER'S HOT CHESTNUT PULLER

HOW are the mighty fallen! From being represented in California by a gentleman who was widely advertised as a relative of Col. Roosevelt, an honor achieved by a marriage connection, poor Mr. Taft's fortunes in the state are now relegated to the care of one of Mr. Patrick Calhoun's henchmen, a former thirty-dollar-a-week employe of the reactionary Los Angeles Times. It was this same defender of the Republican faith who journeyed to Chicago to assure the national committee that California was entitled to the two Taft delegates allotted seats in the convention. What a commentary on the Taft candidacy that his interests should be so lightly regarded. Still, they are entirely safe where they are. It makes little difference who their guardian may be.

We find this astute spokesman for Mr. Calhoun "advising" the Republicans of the state that petitions will be circulated for those eleven thousand signatures "as soon as a suitable ticket of electors is picked." It is a silly procedure and a work of supererogation so far as Mr. Taft is concerned. He hasn't a ghost of a chance to carry the state and the sole effect of the placing of the Taft electors on the ballot by petition will be to lure votes that otherwise would go to Wilson. Every vote so diverted is a direct gain for Roosevelt and is exactly what cunning Meyer Lissner wants. He sees the danger to his principal in shooing the Taft chickens entirely out of the yard.

Why is not this superfluous Calhoun employe suppressed? Is he to be permitted to turn the state over to Roosevelt by virtue of his folly? Cannot the Taft men see the idiocy of such a course? We can imagine the secret glee with which foxy Mr. Lissner hails this proposed strategical blunder of the San Francisco subordinate. Leave the Republican electors off the ballot and the state is certain to go for Wilson. Insist on a representation in any old column and doubt is injected at once. That is the Lissner game, of course. He is looking for a pair of human tongs to handle his hot chestnuts and seems to have found the desired article in the Calhoun camp.

FRUIT OF EXECUTIVE FOLLY

CALIFORNIA laboring men are to be urged by Lincoln Steffens to unite in petitioning Gov. Johnson to pardon the McNamaras, the act of one of whom sent twenty innocent persons to a fearful death—roasted in a cauldron of flames. We refuse to believe that labor, per se, is desirous of having the author of these wholesale murders set at liberty. The average laboring man is, first of all, a citizen of law-abiding tendencies, who realizes that only by maintaining respect for the law are life and property safe. If there was a particle of doubt as to the crimes of the McNamaras there would be a basis of excuse for a movement for freedom in their behalf. But there is none. They are self-confessed criminals and their punishment, in the eyes of many, is altogether inadequate. A pardon for either would be a monstrous outrage on society.

Doubtless, Gov. Johnson's inexcusable conduct in reprieving murderers without a shadow of legitimate excuse for so doing is what induces men of perverted minds like Steffens to agitate for a movement to release the McNamaras. If Johnson is ready to avert sentence on twenty murderers why not pardon one man guilty of twenty murders? is the mental process of reasoning. In this we see the dangerous progression of ideas fostered by the indefensible acts

of the state executive. The moral lapses of our governor, his weak deference to his political newspaper backers, also evidenced in the acting executive, is bearing baleful fruit. We have seen a lawyer under indictment for jury bribing, and now awaiting trial, preaching that wholesale assassinations are merely an incident of an industrial dispute. The perverted Steffens calls these perpetrators of atrocious crimes "soldiers on the firing line," ignoring the fact that a soldier—even a Hessian—exposes his own body to the enemy's bullets. The Darrow-Steffens soldiers are pot-hunters and kill from ambush.

Those enemies to the social order in this state, notably the Los Angeles Tribune and the San Francisco Bulletin, now engaged in appealing for a remission of the capital punishment statute, and whose owners are mainly responsible for the demoralizing interference by the state executive with the courts of justice, are playing a dangerous game. There is a vast difference between humanitarianism and slushy sentimentalism. The responsible conductors of these freak sheets seemingly cannot discriminate and by their control of a subservient official the public welfare is endangered.

We have been interested in the observations of Mr. Ernest McGaffey, formerly of Chicago, where for twelve years he practiced law before going to Vancouver, B. C. In renouncing his allegiance to the United States government and becoming a citizen of Canada he reviews the courts of our country and especially the farcical criminal law which he found so elastic, so full of loopholes, "and so administered," he writes in the St. Louis Mirror, "for, apparently, the benefit of malefactors, that murderers were seldom hung and crime was appallingly prevalent." This was his experience in Chicago, but it is true, as he argues, of a majority of the states of the Union. No other country, unless it be Camorra-ridden Italy, he declares, can show such a criminal record to the thousand.

Let the reprehensible work of Messrs. Johnson and Wallace continue, and California will presently be well up with Cook county's jail record for murderers. Human beasts, like Figueroa, whose despicable crimes place them beyond any pardoning grace, are made the shuttlecock of politics, by reason of the alliance of a subservient executive with men of oblique mentality, and justice is rendered a howling farce. Meanwhile, murders in California are markedly increasing in numbers; juries are disconcerted, judges embarrassed and cranks like Steffens are encouraged to go to any lengths in support of their ridiculous but dangerous theories.

RETALIATING ON THE CLAIM JUMPERS

ATTENTION of California Republicans is directed to the action of their brethren in Kansas who, recognizing the hopelessness of gaining place for Republican electors on the ballot, are circulating petitions pledging Republicans to vote for Wilson in retaliation for the "theft" of place on the ballot. Already, twenty thousand signatures have been obtained and as the movement is a virile one there is every likelihood that fully fifty thousand names of eligible Republican voters will be appended to the various petitions. Since Bryan polled 161,209 to Taft's 197,216 in 1908, or only 37,007 behind, the significance of this retaliatory measure may be realized.

Taft is even less regarded in California than in Kansas and as the political situation is similar the switch to Wilson should be as pronounced. It is a waste of energy to place Taft electors on the ballot by petition and is merely a playing into the hands of the third party schemers. That is exactly what they want. In that direction lies their chief hope of carrying the state for Roosevelt. Eliminate all chance of Taft men recording their preference and a turning to Wilson is inevitable, since it is preposterous to assume that Taft Republicans will voluntarily vote for the third party electors.

We regard as extremely unwise the reported intention of the Republican leaders in San Francisco to arrange to place the names of Republican electors on the ballot by petition. The sole effect of such a

course will be to bolster up the Roosevelt-Johnson ticket by luring fatuous Republicans into voting for their party electors who have absolutely no chance of emerging victors. By deflecting possible Wilson votes to the defunct Taft ticket the prospects of a Roosevelt triumph are thereby enhanced. Surely, the lesson of recent elections is obvious to all students of state politics. By refraining from voting, because they did not care for Taft, Roosevelt's majority last May was the more spectacular. Thousands of Republicans who were recorded for Roosevelt then in order to rebuke Taft have determined to support Wilson in November. This they will do on principle. The Taft following, if deprived of the electoral delegates, through the machinations of the third party leaders controlling the state machinery, will naturally turn to Wilson and give him California's thirteen votes. It is the only way to rebuke the claim-jumpers.

ECHOINGS OF AN OFFICIAL PARROT

WARDEN Hoyle of San Quentin has joined the chorus of anti-capital punishment songsters. Like a well-trained parrot he is found echoing the outpourings of Lieut.-Gov. Wallace who, the other day, excused his reprieve of the unspeakable Figueroa murderer by stating that only the poor hang while the rich go free. Warden Hoyle repeats this illogical plea forgetting that if the same argument were applied to all grades of criminals and had equal force the jails would be empty of tenants. It is too true, alas, that by reason of the vicious technicalities which render criminal trials farcical a smart lawyer may cheat justice of his client where a less favored criminal is convicted, but because of this fact are we to let the latter go free? The same conditions govern in all phases of criminal practice. If the acting governor and his echo, Hoyle, are to be taken seriously then not only capital punishment, but all forms of penalization should be abolished.

Warden Hoyle affects to protest because in the course of duty he finds nine men awaiting execution. Why are they so bunched? First, because of the scandalous delays in administering the law, next, because of the disgraceful interference by the executive, following the verdicts of juries and the visitation of sentences by trial judges. As a result, the murderers have accumulated and now the warden is showing the white feather or, perhaps, he is shrewd enough to note the trend of executive leanings at Sacramento and still further back. We have not yet heard him prate about "judicial murder" or "state murder," phrases so dear to the sentimentalists, but his twaddle is along that same line. He says "one murder is no remedy for another, so nothing is gained to society by killing a murderer. It is no lesson to the criminally inclined and records prove that it is no preventative for crime."

In the prison entrusted to his charge are the two criminal McNamaras. One of them murdered twenty innocent men by applying dynamite to a building in which they were at work—laboring for their loved ones. The other destroyed millions of dollars' worth of property and it was not his fault that scores of lives were not wiped out in the process of destruction. Does Warden Hoyle believe that a confession could have been wrung from their lips if the capital punishment statute had been abolished? They would have fought their trials to a finish, knowing the worst they could get was imprisonment and then trusted to the pull of their kind on the outside for a pardon at a later date. Meanwhile, the cry of "railroading to jail innocent persons" would have been raised to impress those sympathetic, but unreasoning laborites who would have made martyrs of the monsters.

All this was avoided because of the insurance clause contained in the statute of which the Times dynamiter took advantage, through his attorney, to save his neck. We do not approve the concession; it was a weakness on the part of our district attorney and the trial judge to consent to the compromise, but it was done and only the presence of the capital punishment law made it possible to put the McNamaras behind the bars without a trial. Hanging may not be a preventative of murder, but it is an ever present

deterrent to the murderously inclined. The only way to render human life sacred is to maintain the severest penalty for the unlawful shedding of blood. The fear of reprisal is implanted in the most vicious. Remove that element of fear and you destroy one of the strongest barriers inuring to the protection of society.

Always, the average jury may be trusted to temper justice with mercy in a case calling for leniency. We prefer to let the jury decide whether the verdict shall be first or second degree after weighing all the evidence. The wisdom and experience of the older settled countries and communities favor the retention of capital punishment and California cannot afford to disregard such sign posts. In those countries where the laws are enforced and enforced promptly the fewest criminals abound. Where, as in Chicago, for example, the law's delays are notorious there are found the greater number of offenders. California is creeping along to Chicago's unenviable record and the cause for it lies in the lax administration of our criminal laws, our slushy sentimentalists, our political executives and our parrot-voiced prison proctors. As we forecasted two days ago, Acting Gov. Wallace has reprieved two more murderers. The public should demand to know on what grounds?

HOW THE ROOSEVELT TARIFF ROBS

TACOMA welcomers of the Colonel were told at the opening of his address that he was no orator—"just a fair rough and tumble speaker." If he were entirely fair we could easily endure the turbulent remainder, but, alas, the Bull Mice leader is not at all particular as to the truth or falsity of his statements. He accuses his opponent, Gov. Wilson, for example, of being controlled by the bosses, when he is well-informed to the contrary, and he sneers at his pedagogical attempts at politics, ignoring the splendid account Wilson has given of himself as New Jersey's executive. For a pedagogue who has fought, and successfully fought, the entrenched bosses of his party in and out of the state Woodrow Wilson is deserving of the highest praise from all real progressives.

West of the Rockies, where the Colonel can say anything he chooses, logical or illogical, sane or insipid, and be cheered to the echo, he has made no effort to preach sanity. When not engaged in vociferating the exclusive virtues of his new party Mr. Roosevelt has occasionally tipped off his attitude on the tariff and his plan to put the "prizes" in the laborer's pay envelopes instead of having the rake-off go to the trusts. He neglects to explain that for every prize so diverted, the consumer must be mulcted, just as in the past. How the protective tariff system that taxes the average family in this country \$115 annually is to help the poor man he does not bother to elucidate. He simply tells his auditors that he is for protection because it is a revenue producer. So it is. Of the \$115 that the system costs the head of every family, about 15 per cent goes to the government, the remaining 85 per cent is the plunder of the trusts.

Of this \$99, which is the perquisite of the special privilege class, about ten per cent goes to labor; the other \$90 is clear profit, gained at the expense of the masses. From this it may be deducted that for whatever increase in wages he gets over the European laborer the American workman is robbed of the difference between that and the unfair profits accruing to the manufacturer by reason of the invidious tariff. In his speech at the workingmen's dinner in New York last week Gov. Wilson graphically revealed the tribute that is being exacted of the taxpayers of the country by giving an object lesson of the tourist returning from abroad and paying over to a customs officer the tariff taxes consumers are actually paying on each protected article they buy. If the tariff lesson could be brought home to every voter in this forcible way what a rapid overturning of the robber system would ensue.

It isn't that the government gets the difference. Bless your innocent heart, no. The United States treasury, as we have shown, gets only 15 per cent

of the total tax. The tariff is to keep out the foreign made articles so that our poor infant industries can charge their own price for their goods. These same goods they will sell abroad at a much lower price in competition with the markets of the world and still reap a profit, thus disproving the Taft-Roosevelt plea of protective tariff being necessary. The people, it has been estimated, are overcharged \$2,000,000,000 a year for articles that owe their unfair prices wholly to the invidious tariff. Both Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt are under obligations to the system whose beneficiaries have been the main contributors to the Republican party in the past—and through which Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy in 1904 was mainly supplied with funds to insure his election. Both are still wedded to the protective tariff fallacy. It is useless to look for redress in that direction. The insurgents who have turned Progressives can only get Dead Sea fruit if by a miracle their candidate should be elected. Only through Wilson's victory can the infamous system be demolished.

TAFT'S PYRRHIC VICTORIES

APPEALING to the Republicans of the country to get behind the national ticket of that party on the basis of Republican victories in Maine and Vermont reads like a joke. Vermont's Republican vote was almost split in two by the Progressive seceders, the Democrats scored slight gains, but as none of the contestants had a majority vote, the election goes to the legislature, which is Republican, hence will name Fletcher for governor. Small comfort this for Mr. Taft. With the Democrats more than holding their own, and the Progressives recruited entirely from the Republican organization the outlook for Taft electors this fall in the Green Mountain state is exceedingly dubious. It will be Wilson by a safe majority.

In Maine the Democrats lost the governor and one congressman solely on state issues. But although the Republican voters they attracted two years ago returned to their former allegiance the Republicans, with no Progressive defection, cast only 70,880 votes as against 67,848 for the Democrats. The Taft vote in 1904 was 66,987 or 861 behind the Democratic vote of 1912. This year Haines is chosen over Plaisted by 3000 majority, but the Bull Mice party is now in the field to contest for the electoral vote of Maine and as it will draw wholly from the Republican side it is easy to see that the 70,880 top strength of that party will be materially reduced. Even if the Democrats no more than hold their own, as recorded Tuesday, the majority for Wilson should be all the way from 15,000 to 25,000, according to the size of the Progressive vote.

How the Republican national committee can extract any comfort out of these figures, which are not to be controverted, is for the Mark Tapleys of the party to explain. But, of course, the directors of the Taft graveyard are merely talking for effect, and, apparently, proceeding on the assumption that their audience is composed of imbeciles. They take their cue from the ponderous Mr. Taft who hasn't the faintest idea of the trend of thought of the majority. When he wakes up November 6, he will have "pins and needles" in his system for many a day thereafter. Victories in Vermont and Maine! A few more such Pyrrhic triumphs and the Republican party will be ruined beyond all redemption.

CASE OF MARY TERRELL

DERHAPS, the immigration officials at New York had no alternative but to deport the young Irish girl, Mary Terrell, sending her back, not to Ireland, whence she came, but to Liverpool where, among aliens, her lot is likely to be doubly hard, and her prospects sinister. Why was she not admitted to this land of the free and home of the brave? Poor Mary had been guilty of an indiscretion three years or so ago and the fruit of her love-folly was a child who could not produce a father for the inspection of the authorities. Not because she was physically unsound,

not because she was criminal, but solely because she was an unmarried mother Mary was denied the privileges of America.

There was no likelihood of her becoming a public charge. Her brother in San Francisco, to whom she was destined, was ready and willing to receive her and her fatherless three-year-old, but the law interposed. She was a moral delinquent in its eyes. To others she may be merely a too-loving human being, who has traveled to the gates of death in giving birth to an innocent babe, but what of that? The expiation was not sufficient. The claims of the child on a great, liberty-loving, freedom bestowing country could not be expected to weigh against our cast iron rule for the exclusion of "undesirables."

Mary Terrell an undesirable! Her parents, according to the New York papers, had cared for her assiduously since her misfortune—that of yielding to nature's implanted desire—and there seems to be no question that she had striven to redeem her poor fault. Says the New York Times, "One does not have to go to George Bernard Shaw for authority to declare this action of our government a gross and brutal misuse of its undoubted right to exclude undesirable immigrants. Not one of our many religions would fail to condemn it, and it violates the instincts common to all humanity—to all deserving of the name, at least. There are a few narrow and darkened minds with no mercy or forgiveness for error when it happens to be the one this woman made, but surely the American public never intended that our immigration laws should be enforced on lines such as people like that would draw." If Mary Terrell, deported to Liverpool, of all pitiful places, by our virtuous government, should be forced by cruel circumstances into a life of sordid promiscuity as a result of her one individual lapse for love, whose the blame?

POKING FUN AT OUR HIRAM

WHEN Heney was valorously trying to impress upon the reactionary members of the Republican national committee at Chicago the enormity of their crime in ignoring the Roosevelt claims for consideration he prefaced his remarks with "Why, Abe Ruef never did any cruder work" or words to that effect. It was a standing joke among the ribald reactionaries. In his numerous speeches since leaving California Gov. Johnson has been similarly obsessed. His *bete noire* is Mr. Taft and he has told his audiences from Salt Lake to Chicago of his deep "sense of shame as an American citizen that the most humiliating character in all American history is the President of the United States."

Hiram has harped on this one string so often that the twang has lost its original vibratory tone and upon close inspection the extravagant verbiage is apparent. While the President is more or less humiliated by reason of the little ice he cuts in this campaign, his candidacy in few states being considered seriously, he is far from being "the most humiliating character in all American history" and in repeating this phrase the governor is merely calling attention to his inability to conform to sober language. Hysteria in a candidate for vice president, who may be called upon to preside over the upper house of congress, is not a good advertisement for his cause and now that eastern papers are poking fun at our rather blatant executive, perhaps he will permit his deep sense of shame to go unrecorded and let Taft's humiliation sink into innocuous desuetude.

This tendency to employ "biggity" talk is characteristic of the Bull Mice leaders. "Noise and dust" are the salient features of their campaign. They beat the tom-tom vigorously and the din thus created is interpreted as enthusiasm by the unthinking. The dust they raise beclouds the real issues and under cover of it they hope to escape too close inspection of their tariff-and-trust weaknesses. Gov. Johnson's tirade against Taft is on a par with that vaunting of virtues for which the Roosevelt platform is peculiar. Mr. Johnson has acquired the sanctimonious tone from his smug associates. Only in his party is perfection; only the Bull Mice are true progressives; all others are spurious. Taft is a "shame-breeder,"

Wilson is merely a pedagogue who lacks practical experience. For blown-in-the-bottle morality, for political acumen, for defenders of the dear people the third party has the older organizations beaten to a frazzle. If you doubt this statement ask the Colonel or our Hiram.

REVOLT OF GEORGIA

GEORGIA Kramer lives in the town whose most illustrious citizen is William Jennings Bryan. Her husband, Nicholas, is not so famous, but Georgia's suit for divorce, which she has just withdrawn on the promise of her husband to mend his ways, at least will give Nick unpleasant notoriety. Not that he is unusually vicious, immoral or brutal; his faults are of the lesser order, but they are none the less aggravating and unpardonable. Every woman of spirit, of refinement, who reads Georgia's bill of particulars, which she made him sign before consenting to give him another trial, will sympathize with her marital rebellion. She insisted:

1. On Sunday ablutions, clean linen and a clean shave.
2. Welcome her relatives when they called, assume a cheerful demeanor toward her parents.
3. Abate his gourches; desist from growling over trifles for which she is in nowise to blame.
4. Cut out profanity around the house.
5. Pay more attention to his finger nails.

Lucky man, is Nicholas. A wife who demands so little and yet which means so much to the spiritual and physical welfare of her spouse, is a woman in a thousand. She is of that Wordsworthian type—

To warn, to comfort and command.

How long Georgia endured Nicholas' sour looks when her folks came to visit we have no means of knowing, but we'll wager a red apple she stood his gourches until the good woman's patience was thoroughly exhausted. His Sunday slouchiness to a true housewife was an abomination not to be lightly borne, and the unploughed, uncut finger nails proved the last straw. We are mentally gratified at their peremptory inclusion in her document of revolt. A gentlemanly forger, a generous scamp, a lovable loafer, might be tolerated, but an unbathed human with unclean nails is beyond pardon. We desire to commend Georgia Kramer for her spirited stand against the degeneration of Nicholas. Her example may encourage other sorely beset wives to take a similar drastic step, with, perhaps, like results. The redemption of apparently hopeless husbands may yet be accomplished. Our profound obeisance to Georgia Kramer of Lincoln, Neb. May she never weary in well doing.

GRAPHITES

Brigham Young's creed is not wholly indorsed by Berlin's exclusive Mittgar Society, which advocates plural wives and husbands as a remedy for race suicide, but the plurality should be attained singly and not simultaneously, it is explained. When the woman has given birth to a child the Mittgar Society would have husband and wife separate and both choose other mates. "In this way," it is sapiently pointed out, "wonderful race betterment would result." Bosh! If the first child is well born, a second by the same parents should prove equally free from unhealthy taint. Besides, the average father is not content with merely begetting a child. It is his duty to help rear it and in so doing he becomes a bigger, broader and better citizen. Man is a gregarious animal at heart. He needs toeweights, as it is, to keep him to the scratch. The Mittgars are riding for a heavy fall.

What an unfair reflection on the Congressional Record to attribute the insanity of a Sandusky, Ohio, man to the constant perusal of this highly-interesting government publication, which his congressional representative sent him gratis. Not a little of our most diverting reading matter is found in the Controversial Record, which, by the way, would be an excellent substitute title for it.

Perhaps if Gov. Johnson had stayed home and battled for Devlin he might have defeated Curry in the Third district. In grasping at a shadow he has lost a substance.

Nothing in life became the wife of the black champion so well as her manner of quitting it. The union of black and white is abhorrent in the sight of men of either race.

John Galsworthy's "Joy" and Other Plays---By Randolph Bartlett

TENTH PAPER IN A SERIES OF MODERN DRAMAS

OF all the themes in which the modern dramatists have found their sources of inspiration, the most unfailing and recurrent is the problem—how far has society the right to go in forcing the individual to conform with the accepted order? Conventionality being the net result of the world's experience as to the conditions under which the race makes its greatest progress, how far can the individual be allowed to depart from the conventional in the pursuit of happiness, and not be ostracized? No one has portrayed more powerfully than Ibsen the tragedy of the earnest individual whose ideals clash with those of the mob, but while John Galsworthy perhaps fails to reach the epic heights of the great Norwegian, there is something in his plays which appeals more strongly to the Anglo-Saxon. This, doubtless, is because he comes a step closer home. While Ibsen is a true universalist, free from provincialism, still we may contemplate his dramas from a more purely objective viewpoint, than is the case when we mingle with our blood relations through the medium of Galsworthy's dramas.

Thus, Rebecca West, in "Rosmersholm," may remain but a striking character in fiction, but Molly Gwyn in Galsworthy's "Joy" appeals to us as a person who might easily be a member of our own circle of friends. "Joy" is not the most widely known of the plays of the brilliant Englishman, but, carefully scanned, it is one of the most daring of his works. It is sandwiched in a volume between the appealing tragedy of the police courts, "The Silver Box" and the powerful drama of capital and labor, "Strife," and being written in a lightsome and, at times, irresponsible mood, it has failed to impress the public as it deserves.

Joy Gwyn is a girl well along in her teens. Her parents do not "get along." Her father has been away from England a long time, and her mother, young and beautiful at thirty-six, in her loneliness has fallen in love with Hon. Maurice Lever. Joy and her mother have been parted for a considerable time, the girl living with her mother's uncle in the country. Mrs. Gwyn is to come to the country to see her daughter, possible to take her back to London, and she is accompanied by Lever. Gossips already have coupled their names, after the manner of gossips, and before they arrive Joy has conceived more than a suspicion of jealousy for the man who, she feels, is taking from her the affection which she wants to monopolize. When her mother arrives she realizes, instinctively, that Lever has preempted a large place in Mrs. Gwyn's life, and the jealousy develops into absolute hatred.

Here Galsworthy displays his deftness. Whatever the relations of the man and the woman may be, one is made to feel a deep sympathy for them, because it is evident that their affection for each other is real and logical. Mrs. Gwyn is young, practically deserted, and of a disposition which demands affection—simply cannot exist without it. But it is manifest that she cannot have both Lever and her child. It comes to an issue between the mother and daughter in this wise:

JOY. Oh! Mother, it isn't true?

MRS. Gwyn (very still). What isn't true?

JOY. That you and he are—(searching her mother's face, which is deadly still. In a whisper) Then it is true. Oh!

MRS. Gwyn. That's enough, Joy! What I am is my affair, not yours, do you understand?

JOY (low and fierce). Yes, I do.

MRS. Gwyn. You don't. You're only a child.

JOY (Passionately). I understand that you've hurt—(she stops.)

MRS. Gwyn. Do you mean your father?

JOY (Bowing her head). Yes, and—and me. (She covers her face.) I'm—I'm ashamed.

MRS. Gwyn. I brought you into this world, and you say that to me? Have I been a bad mother to you?

JOY (In a smothered voice). Oh! mother!

MRS. Gwyn. Ashamed? Am I to live all my life like a dead woman because you're ashamed? Am I to live like the dead because you're a child that knows nothing of life? Listen, Joy, you'd better understand this once for all. Your father has no right over me and he knows it. We've been hateful to each other for years. Can you understand that? Don't cover your face like a child—look at me. (Joy drops her hands and lifts her face. Mrs. Gwyn looks back at her, her lips are quivering; she goes on speaking with stammering rapidity.) D'you think, because I suffered when you were born and because I've suffered since with every ache you ever had, that that gives you the right to dictate to me now? (In a dead voice) I've been unhappy enough and I shall be unhappy enough in the time to come. (Meets

ing the hard wonder in Joy's face) Oh! you untouched thing, you're as hard and cold and iron!

JOY. I would do anything for you, mother.

MRS. Gwyn. Except, let me live, Joy. That's the only thing you won't do for me. I quite understand.

JOY. Oh! mother, you don't understand—I want you so; and I seem to be nothing to you now.

MRS. Gwyn. Nothing to me? (She smiles.)

JOY. Mother, darling, if you're so unhappy let's forget it all, let's go away and I'll be everything to you, I promise.

MRS. Gwyn (With the ghost of a laugh). Ah. Joy!

JOY. I would try so hard.

MRS. Gwyn (With the same quivering smile). My darling, I know you would, until you fell in love yourself.

JOY. Oh, mother, I wouldn't, I never would, I swear it.

MRS. Gwyn. There has never been a woman, Joy, that did not fall in love.

JOY (In a despairing whisper). But it's wrong of you—it's wicked!

MRS. Gwyn. If it's wicked, I shall pay for it, not you!

Here Galsworthy falls short of the relentless logic of Ibsen. The Norwegian, doubtless, would have had the girl fling herself into the river, which, of course, would finally have separated Mrs. Gwyn and Lever. Galsworthy introduces a "leading juvenile" who awakens a romantic love in the girl's heart, and, presumably, her mother and Lever continue their relations.

Meanwhile, how about the problem of Mrs. Gwyn in her attitude toward society, which is on the verge of ostracizing her? The reader of the play feels that society is wrong. Let us then suppose that, instead of Mr. Gwyn being out of the country, he is living, so far as outward appearances at least are concerned, on an amicable basis with his wife. The woman is no less alone in such a case than she would be were they actually separated from one another, and probably is more so, but the problem, from the outside, assumes a somewhat different aspect, and resolves itself simply into the question of the admissibility of the freedom of love into the body social. Pinero never stated the case so clearly, in all his frank discussions of the relations of the sexes.

Galsworthy never has gone back to this problem in his plays, although in his novel, "The Patrician," he has outlined a similar situation. He is inclined, however, to plead for the individual the right to live his own life in his own way, for in "The Pigeon" he makes a strong case for the constitutional vagabond, when he makes Ferrand say, "Leave us to live, or leave us to die when we like in the free air."

It is characteristic of Galsworthy, however, that while he has the faculty of stating his case emphatically, he never attempts to resolve it into its resultant elements. His first great dramatic success, "Strife," is typical. There is a great strike in the tin industry. Uncompromising capital is represented by John Anthony, chairman of the board of directors of the company; uncompromising labor is portrayed in the person of David Roberts, of the workmen's committee. Both refuse to budge an iota from their original position. Both would see men, women and children starve and the wheels of industry remain stationary forever, rather than sacrifice the least item of the principles for which they battle. By their force of character they hold their respective followers together through a bitter fight, but in the end are voted from leadership, and compromise follows. The terms finally accepted by the actual combatants are those originally proposed by the peace element in each. To the student of economics the play means that the problems of the master and servant can be settled only by mutual forbearance and a spirit of compromise. From the human side, however, it is painful to contemplate the downfall of the two biggest men of them all, wrecked upon the rocks of their own intense sincerity of purpose.

In "The Silver Box" Galsworthy has simply and directly shown that the practical administration of justice does not deal equally with the rich and the poor. Jack Barthwick, the worthless son of a wealthy member of parliament, comes home intoxicated, and is assisted into the house by Jones, an equally worthless poor man. The youth, in his evening of dissipation, has wantonly stolen the purse of a woman of casual acquaintance. He goes to sleep on the sofa. Jones finds the purse on the floor and appropriates it, and also a silver cigarette box from the table. The next morning the woman trails young Barthwick to his home, and is bought off by the boy's father. Meanwhile, the cigarette case is discovered at Jones' home through suspicion falling on his wife, the charwoman at the Barthwicks'. There is no "buying off" in the case of Jones, however, and after

the wife has been subjected to the practical disgrace of arrest, the man is sent to jail. It is all rather self-evident, but the situations are handled so cleverly that it rises above the commonplace.

Galsworthy's sympathy for the poor is strongly developed. Yet he never allows himself to be carried away into flights of socialistic or anarchistic fancy. While he sees clearly the injustice which confronts them at every turn, he is not blinded to their faults, nor to the fallacy of their frequent claim that "the world owes them a living" whether they earn it or not. He simply places his figures in the limelight and says, "What are you going to do about it?" It is the attitude of the majority of the men who have accomplished the great reforms in the world, after all. Dickens never tried to tell England what to do about the debtors' prisons, the red tape of officialdom, the wrongs suffered by dependent children. "You shall know the truth," he said, in effect, and of a surety, the other half of the proposition, "the truth shall make you free," worked itself out.

After all, this is the highest function of the man of letters. Genius presupposes the ability to see clearly, either by close analysis or through the more direct medium of those "feelings" which Strindberg so sternly scorns. Granted this clearer vision than is vouchsafed the ordinary mortal, it is for the man of genius to portray the wrong as he sees it that those who mean well, but whose horizons are limited, may employ the means at their command to rectify the evil.

What the world needs is not more leaders in the strife of class against class, but more clear, white light in the dark places, and Galsworthy's lamp is "trimmed and burning."

ROOSELFELT, O ROOSELFELT!

[Suggested by a new version of "Maryland, My Maryland," recently published, music and all, in the Tribune.]

Thou wilt not languish in disgust,
Rooselfelt, O Rooselfelt!
Or take the other fellow's dust,
Rooselfelt, O Rooselfelt!
They bid thee hide thy beaten crust:
Thou'll see them in Gehenna fust,
Our Hero, born to BE or bust,
Rooselfelt, O Rooselfelt!

O tear from Taft's perfidious poll,
Rooselfelt, O Rooselfelt!
The shameless crown of Trust control,
Rooselfelt, O Rooselfelt!
O let the epic thunders roll
That Bob La Follette says you stole!
On! Loudly bawling, to the goal!
Rooselfelt, O Rooselfelt!

I see the Octopus uncoil,
Rooselfelt, O Rooselfelt!
And Archbold's blood begins to boil,
Rooselfelt, O Rooselfelt!
O drive from Hail Columbia's soil,
Thou champion of the sons of toil,
The cross of Steel, the crown of Oil,
Rooselfelt, O Rooselfelt!

O hark! The low, insistent thump,
Rooselfelt, O Rooselfelt!
Of E. T. Earl's pulsating drum,
Rooselfelt, O Rooselfelt!
The howls of Hiram on the stump
Resemble Armageddon's trump.
On! To the White House or the Dump!
Rooselfelt, O Rooselfelt!

—ALGOL

Spirit of Art

I take the buffetings of Fate
With cheer-ringed lip,
With tranquil heart,
Because I know that soon or late
With magic art,
With master grip,
The Beautiful is throned as Right.

What matter if the way be long
With toil-strained hours,
With nights of pain,
This consolation makes us strong—
Come loss or gain,
Come waning powers,
The Beautiful is always Right.

—HOMER SCOTT.

Consumed by fire the phoenix-bird once more
At Ocean Park in gayest plumes will soar;
On ashes not yet cold foundations rise
And faith and courage widely advertise.

RAINY DAY OUTING ON THE DEVIOUS SEINE

We have had the most interminable spell of cold weather, so cold that we have been glad to have fire in the grate. The rain has come down in torrents, and not a day since August has been free from clouds. Reports from the beach and mountain resorts say that everybody is hanging around the house, looking wistfully out of the windows, and wondering when it will let up. It makes one feel quite contented to be in Paris, and the golf links, even in rain, are not disagreeable. Our links are situated between a number of important aviation fields and almost every time I go out there I have the pleasure of seeing aeroplanes sailing gracefully over and swooping down swiftly in large circles to an adjacent field. Occasionally there are two or three together, and in the wind they go at a wonderful speed and sway from side to side in a way that looks fearfully dangerous. The flyers seem to have no fear of storm and go up in all kinds of weather. I saw one hanging over the center of Paris the other day, swaying frightfully, and unable to make any appreciable progress against the heavy wind.

Paris, these rainy days, is very different from what it is in the winter. The streets are almost deserted. Along the boulevards empty cabs and taxis stand lined up by the sidewalk or prowl slowly along looking out for a customer. The cafes are always more or less crowded, their awnings let down, and tables spread out underneath them. From the number of people at these cafes,—except the *Cafe de la Paix* where they are mostly Americans,—I suspect that the habitues are loafers who have not enough money to get away for the summer holidays.

But in spite of the rain there is always amusement to be found. There is a steamer which leaves the *Quai d'Orsay* every day at half past ten and follows the river down to *Saint-Germain en Laye*, passing two locks. The trip takes four hours, part of which is occupied in enjoying the excellent luncheon which is served on board. I had long had it in mind to make this trip and only waited for a clear day to do so. But when it rains every day one's judgment gets tangled. The wish becomes father to the thought, and the first peep of sun is accepted as promise of a real opening-up. So one day last week, with clouds hanging about in all quarters of the sky, but a few blue spots here and there to deceive the unwary, I made up my mind that the rain was really over, that it had reached the limit, that every evidence, including the statistics of the weather bureau, was against it continuing any longer.

* * *

It was cold, more like October than August, so I wrapped myself in a good warm coat and took my way on foot (to get warm), to the *Quai d'Orsay*. I found, to my surprise, people already on the boat, in spite of the rain, and although it was neither a Sunday nor a holiday. I found a good, comfortable place beside the rail with a fine view forward, thinking to occupy it the whole trip. I guarded it jealously, fearing that another might covet it, and when the waiter came up to ask if I would have luncheon on board I insisted upon having mine at my seat on deck. However, when the luncheon hour came I thought otherwise. By that time it was blowing a gale and raining to make up for lost minutes. And, to make a long story short, I passed the most of my time on that trip either in the cabin or hanging around corners where there was protection from the bitterly cold wind and the drenching rain.

But it would be far from my idea to give the impression that I did not enjoy the trip. I doubt really if I would have enjoyed it any more on a clear, warm, summer day. Rain is a variety and often lends colors to the water and to the trees and fields that are never seen in perfectly clear weather. At times during this river trip a break in the clouds was perfectly delicious. The silver maples only show really silver under a grey sky, and the rushes of rain squalls across the water are lovely. Nothing could be more luxuriant than the fresh green of the country side after all this rain. The region of Paris has been free from the devastating storms that have done so much damage to crops all over France, and the farms and gardens about here are splendidly grown, while the meadows are like deep, soft carpets.

* * *

From Paris the same route, as far as *Saint-Cloud*, is followed that I took so frequently last summer, but never, I must confess, grew tired of. Below *Saint-Cloud* there is a beautiful strip where the river runs along beside the *Bois de Boulogne*. Here the bank has been gracefully sloped to the very edge of the water (as is frequently done in Germany where a method of locks and overflow canals has been adopted which keeps the water always at the same height). Grass is planted on the bank so that there is no black, weed-grown wall above the water. High trees tower over the bank, leaning forward, their pendent branches almost touching the river's surface.

But here I must stop to describe a little the route that this curious river takes. In a straight line our

destination is just ten miles from our point of departure. Even by railway it is only eleven miles. But the river route is forty miles! Just four times as far! Leaving Paris you go first southwest; at *Meudon*, just beyond the city limits, there is a bend and you travel first north and then northeast in a long loop, skirting the whole west and northwest side of the city, about a mile from the fortifications; then you make another great bend and travel for twenty miles southwest, turning up again toward the north just before you reach *Saint-Germain*.

Between *Saint-Cloud* and *Suresnes*, the part I have just described as being opposite the *Bois de Boulogne*, you are out of the city altogether, but just a few minutes farther on you get in again between houses, the great manufacturing suburbs of, on the left, *Puteaux*, and, on the right, *Neuilly*, both places famous for the manufacture of automobiles and flying machines. In a succession we see huge signs bearing all of the great names in the automobile world, names that we are familiar with even in America,—but whether the cars are better than American cars as it is often claimed (even by Americans), is a moot question.

One thing that surprises me here is to see the great size and apparent prosperity of the aeroplane factories. Of course, this business is carried on to a greater extent here than it is elsewhere. Flying suits the idealization of the French nature, and their lack of commercial instinct leads them into speculation where other nations hesitate. But that there could be five or six big shops devoted to this business exclusively must indeed be a surprise.

* * *

There are many little islands in this part of the river, and many bath houses,—floating baths, all very dirty, all in very bad repair, all alike looking as if they needed business. There are many laundries down on the river's edge, and I have a suspicious and disagreeable feeling that, perhaps, my clothes are washed in this dirty water, or at least, to a certainty, the linen one gets at the Paris restaurants. It is funny, isn't it? These people have enough water to keep hundreds of beautiful fountains going all the time, but must wash their clothes on the surface of a scummy river! Of course, it is only a matter of tradition, the all-powerful French tradition which does so much good and so much harm in this country. These people's fathers and grandfathers washed their linen in the river, probably having no other water supply, and so they do the same and never think of it not being all right. Tradition may or may not be a value to art—that, too, is a moot question; but it is certainly essentially harmful in material life.

Farther on we pass more of these variously named suburban towns. In truth, we are still in Paris although outside of the fortifications and outside of the official city limits. There is no actual separation except this official and fictitious one. If there were a "Greater Paris" as there is a "Greater New York" the population of the city would be nearer four millions than two and a half millions as it is now given.

All of these exterior suburbs are dangerous at night. There are constant fights going on between the gangs of toughs that infest these unguarded districts, and it is rarely that a well dressed person who ventures in there at night gets out alive. The murderers are hardly ever caught, though there are frequent arrests of innocent persons, victims of a police department which wishes to show results. For these outcasts, to be suspected of a crime is to be guilty of it.

Every once in a while we read of the real culprit confessing to a crime for which another man has already served years in prison. Of course, respectable people are immune from this sort of persecution, and it is just as well to keep that vast hoard of outcasts, tramps, pariahs and thieves shut up as much and as long as possible. For, after all, if this man is not guilty of this particular crime he is no doubt guilty of other crimes, and things are ultimately evened up in that way. The astonishing thing to me in all this is the youth of these criminals, "apaches," as they are here called. From fifteen to twenty seems to be the average age, and they appear to be the toughest kind of toughs, not the decent sort of hold-up men we have in America who do not shoot to kill unless they are molested, but perfect brutes who kill a man on sight, or knock him down and kick him to death. These men are, no doubt, one of the most remarkable products of our modern civilization.

* * *

I thought of these things while passing through all of these miles and miles of manufacturing suburbs, and a reason, at least one reason, for it suggested itself to my mind: that there was not work enough in these manufactories for all of these young men, that they were of necessity forced into the worst paid employments if they worked at all, that they had constantly before them the comparison between rich and poor, and that they finally became utterly bitter and full of hatred for every advancement of civilization and prosperity. They are regular revolutionists ready at any excuse to take the road

as did the bandits who terrorized the whole of France for twenty-five years before the regular outbreak of the Revolution.

But my space is limited and I see that I have used it all, so I must leave the continuation of this to another time.

FRANK PATTERSON.

Paris, Aug. 29, 1912.

GOTHAM ADDS ANOTHER SMALL THEATER

AMONG the hasbeens of the present season is a so-called farcical play in three acts by George Broadhurst and Mark Swan called "Just Like John." It was used to open the Forty-eighth Street Theater—another addition to New York's playhouses. Theaters in New York are getting so numerous that distinctive names are no longer desirable. Before the public begins to take into account the new house and identify it with its locality another has reared its mushroom head. It saves trouble and brain fatigue, therefore, to call each addition as it comes by its whereabouts. The elusive dollar is then not so likely to get into a rival box office by mistake. The Forty-eighth Street Theater is a pretty little house, cozy and attractive. The tendency for the last few years has been toward small houses. Even with the enormous number of transients in New York, upon which the managers depend for support, it is difficult to fill the existing houses. Except with unusual successes a big house would be more than likely half empty. That tends to create a bad impression. A play may be doing better business in a small house than in a large one, but the full house produces the impression that the play is a drawing card and at times that is needed to make it popular. A half-empty big house chills actor and audience and even though business may be fair the impression is that of failure.

It is too bad that the new little house should not have had a worthy attraction waiting for its opening. "Just Like John" is neither fish, flesh nor fowl. It is just a mixture of things which in times past have been known to make people laugh. And the friendly first night audience did laugh, but that was not a criterion for what was to come after. The play begins as though it were to be about something, but the something soon becomes obscured and the time is filled with individual stunts which suggest that the actors were given carte blanche at rehearsals to say and do anything that might be calculated to keep things moving. John Endicott, a secret service man, is out after a band of nihilists. In order to trip them he joins their society. They are arrested and photographed. The photograph is published in the newspapers and John appears in the picture with his arm suspiciously placed about a very attractive feminine member of the band. John's wife does not like it. John must do something and so he tells her that he has a double who looks so much like him that it is impossible to tell them apart. It is necessary after this for John to impersonate first himself and then his double, a very slender thread upon which to build an evening's entertainment—though farces have been known to grow from slight beginnings. But in this case there was so little humor and originality back of the situations evolved that the failure of the people concerned to understand seems stupid, not funny.

* * *

The company is better than the play, and it is too bad that good talent should be wasted upon such poor material. Walter Jones as John Endicott was much funnier than the part as was Florine Arnold as Mrs. Cornelia Danley. When Miss Arnold can be as funny as she was spontaneously as the mother of Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh she shouldn't be asked to take a role that requires her to be noisy and to overplay in the effort to make something quite trite and commonplace seem humorous. In the tryout of the play last spring Herbert Yost, who will be remembered for his deliciously funny characterization of Richard Kettle in "Over Night," took the part of Montague Baxter—and the play lost by not having Mr. Yost's services in New York, though Wilfred Clark proved a good second in the role.

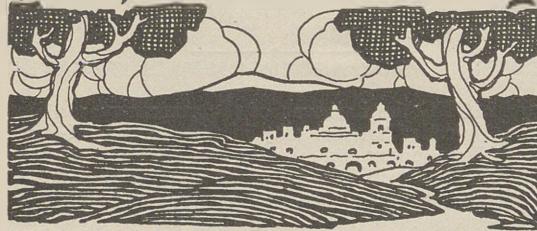
New York, Sept. 9, 1912.

ANNE PAGE.

Fraser a "Nervy" Operator

Alexander H. Fraser, who lost close to half a million dollars by the recent fire at Ocean Park, is a typical Southern Californian. He made his first mark as one of the important lieutenants of Abbott Kinney and for a time the two were close business associates, between them securing all the desirable ocean frontage. They have been rivals for a number of years and their business struggles against each other would make interesting reading. Fraser is a "nervy" operator, taking big chances on many occasions. His ventures have been uniformly profitable, and that he is certain to land on his feet is not doubted. Mr. Fraser has been offered unlimited capital with which to begin again, and he and the friends who believe in him are to expend possibly twice as much money as he had invested on the site of the burned enterprises.

By the Way



Died of a Broken Heart

All who followed the attempt by her daughter to deprive Mrs. Hiram Higgins of her widow's rights in her husband's estate will be interested in learning of the recent death at the home of her son, Will R. Higgins, of Spencer, Iowa, of the widowed mother whose long invalidism dated from the abnormal treatment accorded her by her daughter. I think I can truthfully say that I never knew a real case of heart-break until I met Mrs. Higgins whose friendship with near relatives of mine in Illinois dates back for years. Suffering from a paralytic stroke which came on shortly before the time set for the trial of the will contest the grieved mother, as tender and loving a mother as ever lived, never recovered her strength and never again saw the daughter for whom so much had been sacrificed in early days. But she had the constant attention of her son Will, and his wife, who was a devoted daughter-in-law, and the two brought back to Los Angeles the casket containing the remains of the stricken mother, who was buried last Saturday in Hollywood cemetery beside her second son and her husband. Her late beautiful home in Victoria Park will be occupied by her son and his wife pending their return to Iowa.

J. Adam Bede as a Joker

I see that my old friend J. Adam Bede is to be with us next week, to address a Taft rally. Years ago, back in the 80's, "Jadam," as we used to call him, was the editor of a Democratic weekly in Sioux Falls, then of the territory of Dakota—before division came. None of your wishy-washy Democrats was Adam, but a hitter from Hittville, who fairly withered the Republican party with his scorching appellatives. When statehood came J. Adam moved on to Minnesota and presently was elected to congress, still as a Democrat. Then for unknown reasons he changed front and espoused the Republican doctrines, blossoming forth in the house as a humorist, which he certainly is. J. Adam is an entertaining talker and a witty one. All who hear him will be well repaid for going, but I cannot picture my former colleague as a Republican. However, he always was on the losing side.

Bishop Conaty Well Represented

John G. Mott, one of the younger bright attorneys of this city, had the honor of representing the Right Reverend Bishop T. J. Conaty, of the diocese of Los Angeles and Monterey at the ceremony of raising the Mission cross on the Ventura site selected for that purpose by Father Junipero Serra 126 years ago, which was held Admission Day. He delivered a masterful oration particularly appropriate for the occasion, and the Bishop has good reason to feel proud of his emissary. John S. McGroarty, poet, author of the Mission Play, editor of the West Coast magazine and with numerous other literary achievements to his credit, delivered an original poem reflective of his usual graceful style, that was in keeping with the occasion.

In Touch With Popular Author

Readers of Ralph Connor's (Rev. Charles Gordon) Canadian Northwest stories will be interested in learning that one of Gordon's old friends, who first met him among the Rockies at beautiful Banff, is now a pastor in Los Angeles, and recently gave a lecture on the Ralph Connor he knows so well at the new Presbyterian church on Western avenue. It was a rare treat for those who have read and enjoyed "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot" and other stories by the gifted author. The lecturer, Rev. C. C. Paterson, is now a Presbyterian minister at Hollywood, and has been busy all summer organizing the new church. The proceeds of his lecture went to the building fund. His reminiscences carried him back a quarter of a century, when he and Gordon were young men under the inspiration of the Rev. James Robertson, who did so much to spread religion from Lake Superior to the Pacific, in a region where there were no privileges of the kind. He was greatly struck by the love of nature in Gordon's character, and his intense optimism, his faith in providence and in man. Mr. Paterson gave many interesting details concern-

ing Gordon's father and mother, as he knew them in the town of Glengarry, a thoroughly Scotch settlement in Ontario. He hinted that Dr. Gordon might visit these parts in the near future.

Grim Joke on Dan Neuhart

Supervisor McCabe's defeat of Dan Neuhart on the Democratic ticket is one of the grimmest political jokes of the season. McCabe has been a violent organization Republican all his life, and went before the voters of his district upon his political record. Neuhart has been chairman of the Democratic county central committee, and a Democratic warrior in Los Angeles for a quarter of a century. There appear to have been fewer than 200 Democratic votes in the district, against several thousand Republican ballots, and of the former McCabe, a Taft Republican, polled as many again as the regular Democratic nominee. McCabe may decide to enter the final polling as a Democrat, in which case he will probably receive a beating. R. H. Norton, the Progressive who will secure the place on the Republican ballot, is remembered principally for his work on the recall, having officiated in the campaign that drove the late Councilman Davenport from office and put Dr. Houghton in his place.

Brockman's Realty Successes

Boise Penrose, United States senator from Pennsylvania, who has been in the limelight of late in the Standard Oil political contribution controversy, is fairly well known to Los Angeles mining men. A few years ago he and his brother, Dr. Penrose of Philadelphia, acquired from John Brockman of this city the mining property in Arizona which made the latter a millionaire. The proceeds of that sale formed the nucleus of the Brockman fortune. Brockman purchased Los Angeles real estate, and cleaned up from his investments more than the price of his mine holdings. At that time he had occasion to go back to Arizona for a brief stay, and when he revealed his real estate operations, several of his cronies warned him that he was riding for a fall. Brockman only smiled, and when he was offered about three times what he had paid for the former Los Angeles Railway power house at Seventh and Grand, he wrote a letter to the scoffers. That letter was the direct means of bringing here at least two other mining operators, each of whom invested close to half a million dollars.

"Uncle Billy" Back From Yurup

Former Mayor W. H. Workman returned this week from Europe, where he had been visiting for several months. It was his first trip abroad and the stories he has to tell of his experiences are inimitable. Mr. Workman is the oldest living ex-mayor of Los Angeles, having served first in 1886. He held office several terms, and when he was an aspirant for city treasurer later, he had practically no opposition, although this was a rabid Republican community. When "Uncle Billy" Workman was mayor, Burdett Chandler and John F. Humphreys were members of the city council. The latter is the father of the present commissioner of public works. All three are still hale and hearty.

Sub Rosa Dog Story

In local theatrical circles a good story on Adele Farrington, who was well known here as "second woman" of the Belasco theater for many seasons, is going the rounds. It seems that Miss Farrington started with two friends for the Grand Central station in New York one day last week. Her companions were en route to Chicago. One of them had a tiny fox terrier, and they had just time enough to catch the train. As they entered a subway station in Harlem, they were told by the ticket chopper that they could not take the dog on the train. "What shall I do?" asked the canine's owner, "we've barely time to get to the station." "Put the dog in a basket or a box" suggested the ticket chopper. "But we have no basket or box." "Then he can't go on the train." "May I wrap him in a newspaper?" asked Miss Farrington. "No, he'd break out of a newspaper." Quick action was necessary and Miss Farrington was equal to the emergency. She whisked off her petticoat, wrapped the dog in it—and they caught the train.

Sam Blythe Unfairly Scored

Friends of Samuel G. Blythe—a term that includes the best newspaper men in town—are resenting an editorial recently printed in the Tribune, in which Blythe was severely criticized because he saw fit to write of California politics from an unprejudiced angle. As a matter of fact, Blythe's stuff is prepared at least three weeks before it is published, which means that at times, his prognostications are likely to go agley. Newspaper men of experience realize what this advance writing entails and marvel at Blythe's skill in hitting the bullseye. In his California story, which appeared in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening

Post, Blythe commented that while, in this state, the Progressive cause is in the ascendant, conditions might change before election and give Wilson a chance to capture the California electoral vote. Every well-informed newspaper man in the state realizes the truth of Blythe's observation, and for the Tribune to slur the writer and question his motives is as foolish as it is unfair.

Here's a Pipe Dream

Los Angeles horsemen have obtained a concession to operate a race track at Ensenada, and as soon as details can be arranged the "sport" is to be started. It is rumored that the same interests will establish a miniature Monte Carlo in Ensenada, with a line of steamers between Los Angeles and that port, but that is a later consideration contingent upon the permanency of the track.

Santa Fe Big Equipment Order

Judging from the size of orders that have been placed with eastern car shops the Santa Fe must be expecting to do a large winter business in California, both in the freight and passenger service. Ordered for immediate delivery to be placed in commission upon receipt are 2,825 new cars. To care for the orange crop 1000 new refrigerator cars are being purchased, while to move household goods to California for Eastern settlers 250 box cars are included. For the passenger traffic ten chair cars, ten combination coach and mail cars, fifteen smoking cars, and fifteen three-compartment cars are under way.

Plans for the Presidio Forming

If Congressman W. D. Stephens succeeds in establishing a military department once again in Los Angeles, he will have accomplished a work that will entitle him to the hearty thanks of the community. Back in the eighties military headquarters were located here, with Lieut. General Adna R. Chaffee, then a major, acting as inspector general of the department of California. It is known that the war department has always regretted abandoning the post here, and that the authorities will make little opposition to a restoration of headquarters. Especially is this true since the Mexican troubles. No matter what the outcome of the present unrest, Los Angeles will always play an important part in the transportation between the states and Mexico. This city is to be the real headquarters for Col. Randolph's Southern Pacific-Mexican lines. In the event of actual war with the southern republic, all of the planning for the conflict on the Pacific coast and western border would have to be conducted at this point, so that it is more than likely that the projected department will be conceded to Los Angeles. Meanwhile, plans for the Presidio are taking definite shape. Secretary Stimson of the war department, who is in the Yosemite, is to be here the coming week.

Comes Back as Major General

Los Angeles is to entertain Leonard E. Wood, major general U. S. A., in command of the general staff, after an absence from the city of nearly twenty years. When General Wood was here last, it was as Dr. Wood. That was in the late eighties, before the Spanish war gave him—and Col. Roosevelt—an opportunity. Wood was the original colonel of the Rough Riders, with Roosevelt as his lieutenant-colonel. It was Roosevelt who jumped Wood over the heads of other officers so that he might become chief of staff. Now General Wood is in a most peculiar position, as both Col. Roosevelt and President Taft are his intimate friends. As he has no vote, he will be relieved from an embarrassing situation. When in Los Angeles, General Wood will be the guest of General Chaffee. He is coming here to inspect sites for the proposed military post.

Whetting for "Hallelujah" Incumbent

Despite the apathy of the late primary campaign, indications are that the period intervening before November will be marked by great activity. There is to be an effort to bring about the defeat of certain judicial aspirants, notably in the case of one who is known as the "Hallelujah" incumbent whose presence on the official ballot was resented by an important element in the community. Through a wholesale scratching of their party aspirants, the Labor Socialist groups saved Judge Hutton from total defeat. As it is, he ran 12,000 votes behind Judge McCormick. I hear there is under way the organization of a non-partisan campaign committee which is to deal firmly with certain judicial aspirants. Undoubtedly, this step is largely due to the sinister attempt promised to liberate one or both of the McNamaras.

Takes Over the Planada Property

There seems to be no limit to the operations of the L. A. Investment Company whose success in the local field has attracted numerous imitators. Not content with financing a six-million dollar deal a month ago it has this week concluded negotiations

for the taking over of the Planada townsite property in the San Joaquin valley on which J. Harvey McCarthy had built such fine hopes. It is an alluring property in a fertile valley and with excellent railroad facilities—the main San Francisco line of the Santa Fe. Nothing succeeds like success. With the ingenious Ernest Ingold, assistant to the energetic Charley Elder, as general manager of the property, I venture to say the L. A. Investment Company will double its investment before another year rolls by. I hope my friend McCarthy was well cared for in the transaction.

Coloring the "News"

Unless all signs fail, there will be a tempest that will roar from Maine to California when the Associated Press discovers that the Times has been rewriting its political news to suit its peculiar policy and labelling such alleged dispatches "A. P. Night Report" or "A. P. Day Report," or "By Associated Press." Of course, such conduct is not only a breach of ethics, but it is strictly prohibited by the A. P. I wonder that the Express has not exposed the Times' delinquencies.

Fighting for California

Evidently, the Democratic national committee is to make every effort to swing California's electoral vote for Wilson and Marshall as all of the ablest campaigners are to be sent into this territory before the November election. In addition to William J. Bryan and Speaker Champ Clark, Los Angeles is to hear Senator Ollie James of Kentucky and Senator Gore of Oklahoma. For the Roosevelt-Johnson cause, Senator Beveridge of Indiana is to be the heavyweight orator, after Col. Roosevelt has shaken the dust of Southern California from his feet. It is possible that W. Burke Cochrane, for years a Tammany congressman, who is supporting the Progressive cause, also may be here, although this has not been determined. So far as known, the Taft committee will make no real campaign in California, save that J. Adam Bede, an ex-congressman from Minnesota, and John Maynard Harlan of Chicago will speak here September 17.

Principals and Near Principals

William J. Bryan is to deliver at least one campaign speech here in the interest of the Democratic national ticket. He is to arrive September 23. Colonel Roosevelt will be in the city Monday, enroute from the north, and indications are that he will be greeted by the largest audience ever assembled here. When Colonel Bryan spoke in this city after his first defeat, more than 20,000 persons gathered to hear him in Fiesta Park, his cross of gold speech having made him famous. It is now believed that could a half of that size be secured, Roosevelt would attract a still larger crowd. Wagers are being made at one to two that Wilson and Marshall will carry California.

Throwing Off Dull Care

Having the satisfaction of knowing that his name was placed on the final ballot at the recent primaries by a large majority, Judge Frederick Houser of Department Three of the local superior court has been enjoying a hunting trip in the mountains during the last week as an antidote to several months hard work on the bench with an unusually crowded calendar.

To Get the Speakership

With H. Stanley Benedict as speaker of the assembly, that position will have been conceded to Southern California four times in the last twelve years. "Corney" Pendleton held the honors for one term, and Phil Stanton filled the place with ability a few years later. Benedict is, of course, persona grata with the Progressives.

San Francisco and Los Angeles Combine

While the daily papers have made no mention of it, Los Angeles has recently been undergoing the missionary efforts of a party of capitalists and public men from Oakland and other places where the residents are generally inimical to the proposed constitutional amendment to permit large communities to absorb the smaller ones. Such a change in the state's organic act is to be on the ballot in November, having been approved by the last legislature through the efforts of Senator Hewitt of Los Angeles county. The new condition was made possible in order to permit San Francisco to swallow the cities around the Golden Gate, located on the opposite side of the bay. Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda are bitterly opposed to the annexation, and organizations of business men have been formed to combat the projected consolidation, and organizations of business men have been formed to combat the proposed union. In the event that it is approved by the state as a whole, it will mean not only the annexation of two counties, but the union of territory that is separated by a big body of water. These are among the arguments used

to defeat the movement, and while the campaign has been quiet, it has been fierce. Under the terms of the contemplated law, a majority throughout the state will carry the issue. That is, although Oakland and the territory close by will vote solidly in opposition, if Los Angeles and Southern California approve by a substantial majority, the annexation will follow. Oaklanders claim that the real object of the movement is to place their city, with little or no public debt, in the hands of San Francisco, which at this time is bonded in excess of its legal limit. As I have previously shown the territory contingent to Los Angeles is similarly threatened by this city and for a like reason—to get a large assessable district for the purpose of bonding.

Chief May Run Against Treaties

Trouble will probably arise from the recent ruling of the police department interdicting the employment of women by Japanese and Chinese restaurants. If such regulations are not illegal, they are a flagrant violation of treaties with the two nations that are bound to raise objections when complaint is made to their diplomatic representatives. While the United States has paid little heed to China, with the Japanese it is different, as witness the school controversy several years ago. The restaurants should be kept under police regulation, and if it is found that they are not being properly conducted, their licenses should be revoked. As it stands, if Chief Sebastian is to deprive a score or more of women of their means of earning a livelihood, he is morally bound to see that they procure positions elsewhere. Otherwise, the chief may bring about the very thing he is anxious to prevent, by driving these women from the narrow path, since they must live. So far as known they are living decently and if not, the law provides a way for handling the problem, but it affects all places where liquor is sold, whether the vendors are white, black or yellow. There can be no discrimination under our treaty laws.

Fred Veon in St. Louis

From St. Louis comes the interesting bit of news that Fred C. Veon, the newspaper man who was commissioned by E. T. Earl last year to organize the business department of the Tribune, has been made business manager of the St. Louis Star by Nathan Frank, its owner. Veon's appointment came along with a complete revolution in the Star management. The first issue of the Star under the new regime appeared Labor Day, with an entirely new physical appearance throughout, and so much resembling certain of the New York afternoon sheets that rumors were afloat to the effect that Hearst had bought into St. Louis in the same manner in which the old morning Herald became the Evening Herald with Alorandolph policies. Veon was well known in Los Angeles and prior to taking charge of the local Tribune was a Hearst employee. His most notable achievement was starting the Earl morning paper off with an advance circulation of 40,000 copies. Since severing his connection with the Tribune Veon took a vacation in New York, and later did special advertising work for William R. Orr, owner of the Detroit Saturday Night.

Bouillebaise and Bohemia

Rumors along the Rialto are to the effect that Los Angeles is soon to have a real, down-to-date, Bohemian-Parisian cafe, where the bon vivants may gather for an unconventional dinner. It is rumored that the Third and Main resort has not been a paying proposition of late and that in an attempt to recoup losses its owners are to turn the entire management over to Gaston Bassott, a French chef of note, who formerly ran a little French restaurant known as the Hotel de Paris at Los Angeles and Arcadia streets. After amassing a neat competence Bassott sold out, and went back to France to enjoy himself in the delights of Paris. It is understood that Bassott is to return here late in the fall to take charge of the Levy restaurant, which will be made to resemble the old Bassott place, only on a much more elaborate and more expensive scale. There are many of this type of cafes in San Francisco, and all seem to be prospering, but whether similar Bohemianism will appeal to the staid Los Angelans is a problem that can be solved only by experimenting.

No Dearth of Speakers

Speakers for picnics, banquets and the like are as plentiful as grasshoppers at this season owing to the proximity of the November elections, and the astute campaign managers are working in the clients as guests of honor at many functions of a diverse nature. The latest scheme to be devised for giving political candidates a chance to make bids for votes is the monster Spanish barbecue that will be held for Latin Americans at Schuetzen park September 15 to commemorate the Mexican Independence day that is usually celebrated a day later. It is to be held Sunday instead of the regular day in order to draw a larger crowd, and is under the direction of Frank

J. P. Young, organizer and president of the La Junta Patriotica de Los Angeles. Among the candidates who are scheduled to make goodwill speeches are Judges Paul McCormick, Frederick Houser, George Hutton, James C. Rives; G. Ray Horton, Senator Henry M. Hurd, Russ Avery, Frank C. Prescott, W. A. Alderson and J. W. Summerfield.

Pinning Down the Captain

In commemoration of his forty-second anniversary Captain John D. Fredericks, district attorney of Los Angeles county, was presented this week with a diamond studded Shriner's pin by his bright deputies. Assistant District Attorney Joseph Ford made the speech of presentation to the captain, who had just returned from a vacation following the closing of the Darrow case. The chief was fairly caught but managed to express in a few neat words his surprise and appreciation of the token of esteem bestowed on him by his staff.

Round-the-World Travelers

With his eighty-four years weighing but lightly on his shoulders and accompanied by his pretty young wife, Captain F. A. Whitehead, formerly a well known figure in G. A. R. circles, has temporarily abandoned his handsome home on Carleton way, Hollywood, for a complete circumnavigation of the globe in which more than 38,580 miles will be covered by steamer and rail. The captain and his wife left Thursday morning for Seattle whence they plan to embark in the Minnesota for Japan. After that in rapid succession Korea, China, Manchuria, Borneo, Burmah, India, Ceylon, Egypt and Europe will be visited, arriving in New York in about a year. The pair plan to make many side trips, so that practically every nook and corner of the world will be visited. Another well-known Los Angelan who is arranging to forsake the cares of business for a tour of the globe is Edward Strasburg, the millionaire oil operator, and director in several of the more prominent local banks. Accompanied by Mrs. Strasburg and Miss Rosel Hill, the party will follow much the same itinerary as that laid out for the Whiteheads. In their absence their beautiful home at Alhambra will be closed.

Dining Car Rally

More than thirty-five different railways and transportation lines will be represented at the annual banquet of the Los Angeles Traffic Association, an organization including about one hundred of the better known railway men of the city, which is to be held at Brink's next Wednesday evening. The dinner will be followed by the annual election of officers, and speeches will be made by the retiring and incoming officials.

Couldn't Be Happy Out of It

All this week my energetic friend Max Isaacs has been camping on the trail of carpenters, plasterers and interior finishers in their efforts to have his handsome new store at 725 South Broadway ready for the big opening that is planned for Monday. Ever since the Isaacs brothers sold out their former Unique Cloak and Suit house at 245 South Broadway, Max has been visiting the smart shops of the East to gain ideas for the new Unique. The color scheme of the store is to be an unusual feature. The first floor is to be blue, the second brown, the third Du Barry rose and pearl gray, the fourth floor and furniture ivory and gold. An atmosphere of the time of Louis XVI will pervade. A unique feature will be the delivery car of that age finished in ivory and gold. Offices have been opened in New York and in Paris where resident buyers will be at work looking up new garments the entire year.

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September 14, 1912

Music



By W. Francis Gates

Southern California Music Teachers' Association keeps up its record for activity. The first meeting of the season 1912-13 was held at the Gamut Club Friday last and several new plans were proposed. One of these is the establishment of an entertainment bureau for its members, in charge of a salaried manager. In this bureau will be kept a record of the public capacities of the members, the amounts they charge for concerts and other musical appearances. The purpose is to bring the musicians into touch with the public and to secure a practical schedule of rates and bring about as many engagements as possible. This is a worthy project, providing it is entered upon conservatively, as under present conditions the public has little chance of informing itself regarding the abilities of musicians. Financially, things are generally run on a "take what you can get" basis and the compensation is inadequate.

Musicians have themselves to thank for a good share of this condition as they do not make a definite card of rates for their services and stick to it, nor are they often willing to cooperate with other musicians in a business way. And, as a general thing, they are poor advertisers of their wares. This does not mean that they should paste their faces on the fences or "circus" their abilities in large type. But it does mean that if one wants the public to patronize him, he must let the public know who and why and what he is. What his experience and education, what his performing abilities, what his terms. All this should be done in a dignified way, that he may not be classed among the horn-blowing charlatans.

Advertising is a great time-saver. A musician may do honest and successful work in a studio for ten years and then the public know as little of him and his work as it ought to in two years of the same work plus the proper announcements. Of course, it costs money, but that expense is so much capitalization of the future business. In certain businesses, the publicity obtained is rated at a higher figure than the material assets of the concern. Publicity is the power to do business. Public knowledge of a teacher's abilities is as much or more of a money bringer to him than his power to teach. A well known and publicly appreciated second-rate teacher has more chance of financial success than an unknown first-class teacher. But there is no reason why high class abilities should not be combined with high grade publicity, dignified and in a sense artistic.

This teacher's bureau idea takes a slap—a deserved one—at the "play and sing for nothing" idea to get publicity. Begin on that plan and one can keep it up, ad infinitum. A small amount of it, properly granted, may be admissible. But when one has any reputation, any desirable artistic capacity, he should let the world know that he holds his services at a reasonable figure. Say to the public, "Here is my education and ability. I give it to you without payment" and the public answers, "It must be worth nothing because he gave it for nothing." All this is directed to the professional. The amateur is outside of the business features of the game. He is repaid for his efforts by the pleasure of mak-

ing them, the pleasure often being more largely his than the public's. The amateur acts the part of the "come on" for the professional. Good amateur work means more work for the teacher to do with others.

Another plan set on foot at the meeting above mentioned was one for the establishment of a music teachers' country club which shall have a modest establishment in the mountains, with quarters open to the supporting members. This, also, is a practical plan, if it is put on a firm financial basis with sufficient advance payments to carry it through. But there must be a large margin of safety provided as musicians are alleged not always to have the deepest sense of business obligations. With a scheme well worked out, with the material assets properly attended to and with a congenial membership in which individual whims must be subordinated to the general plan and the general good, this may become a unique feature of musical life in this delectable climate.

But there is one thing that must be rigidly excluded from that country club house. It would be more productive of trouble than a bar full of liquor, and that is—a piano. Nor yet may a violin enter those sacred precincts. Subtract said deadly piano and the recreationists might escape the more deadly vocalist. Omit the instrumentalist and the vocalist, and other forms of music might be tolerated. No other forms, you say? Well, just you let loose a few theorist cranks and historical sharks and see. But these species could be penned in an out-house, remote from the club dwelling, and all that would be necessary at the close of a delightful outing would be for the players and singers who were not permitted to play and sing to go to said remote cabin and gather up the scraps that nothing be lost. For there would be plenty of theoretical "scraps."

Participants in the program at this meeting were Mrs. Phillip Zobelein, soprano, who sang five songs, Winifred Ballard, who played two violin numbers, Misses Frieda Peycke and Miss Lewis. The committee on the musicians' bureau consists of Miss Peycke, chairman, and Messrs. Edson, Lott and Davis; but Miss Peycke can rule her committee.

Lambardi's newly organized opera company comes to Los Angeles October 28, according to present announcement. The company is now en route to San Francisco. The list of names on the roster is new to Los Angeles save one, Tarquinia Tarquin, who has sung in the Covent Garden Company. She will be the star soprano. The repertoire announced includes "Salome," "Conchita," and "Ysobel." But it's dollars to doughnut holes that "Lucia" and "Carmen" will be much more in evidence. Such is history.

Sept. 21 and 22 the German singing societies of Southern California will hold a song festival at Venice. An old German town setting is promised and a feast of song and sports such as will make the attendant think he is in Kaiser-land.

Rudolf Friml is announced to conduct the premier performance of his opera, "The Firefly," at the New

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York Manhattan opera, Nov. 6. There is no doubt of Friml's melodic gift or of his general ability as a composer. It is to be hoped his dramatic sense is on a par with his musical and that his opera will be a success. Emma Trentini will have the title role.

Mr. Von Stein announces that he has secured Franz Wilczek as teacher in his school. Wilczek is an artist of high rank, a violinist of note. He lived here for two or three years prior to his last trip to Europe.

"Musical America" announces that Clifford Lott will return east this fall for a series of concerts and states that he made an enviable name for himself last year.

When Manager Behymer gets home he will find an intruder on his preserves. Messrs. Egan and Shipman announce a list of musicians and entertainers for the coast circuit this fall of which Carolina White is chief. She is the soprano who made a decided hit in "The Girl of the Golden West," and "The Secret of Suzanne." They also promise Mme. Zeister in piano recitals and Warner a new tenor—which sounds suspiciously like plain Warner.

Newly elected officers of the Ellis Club are as follows: President, James Slauson; vice presidents, F. A. Walton, Hancock Banning, and W. Jarvis Barlow; secretary, H. D. Alfonso; treasurer, Louis Zinnamon; librarian, H. D. Perry; chairman of executive committee, Walter Bordwell; musical director, J. D. Poulin, and Mary S. O'Donoughue, pianist. For the first concert there are in rehearsal MacDowell's "Crusaders," Schubert's "Omnipotence," Wagner's "Grail" music, and H. J. Stewart's "Song of the Camp." The latter was the composition awarded the first prize in the Pittsburg choral competition.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
02446 Not coal lands
04043 August 28, 1912
NOTICE is hereby given that George H. Melcher, of Topanga, Cal., who, on October 23, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 04043, and on April 16, 1908, for SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, E $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 6, Township 1 S., Range 16 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 8th day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. Claimant names as witnesses:

C. C. Cheney, August Schmidt, J. H. Goebel, Mrs. Jack Wood, all of Topanga, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
United States Land Office
Los Angeles, California, Aug. 23, 1912
Notice is hereby given, that township plat of fractional section 31, Township 2 North, Range 12 West, S. B. M., has been received and will be filed in the United States Land Office, Los Angeles, California, situated in Room 510, Federal Building, on Friday, October 4, 1912, 9:00 a. m., that on and after said date, the Register and Receiver of said office will be prepared to receive applications for entry of lands in said township, providing settlement was made thereon prior to December 20, 1892, the date of proclamation placing said township in the Forest Reserve.

Frac. Sec. 31, Township 2 North, Range 12 West, S. B. M.

Any application sworn to or filed prior to October 4, 1912, will not be considered.

FRANK BUREN, Register

O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
04033 Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
Aug. 8, 1912

NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph A. Anker of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on October 5, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11470, Serial No. 04033, for NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 27, W $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 17th day of September, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John H. Schumacher, of Escondido Canon, Cal., Frank C. Prescott, Jr., of Los Angeles, Cal.; Edward Wickersham, of Los Angeles, Cal.; William D. Newell, of Corral Canon, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
0990 Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office Los Angeles, Cal.
Aug. 20, 1912

NOTICE is hereby given that Herman Hethke of Topanga, Cal., who, on August 26, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 0990, for NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 1st day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: James A. Craig, of Topanga, Cal.; John Heron, of Topanga, Cal.; Walter Stunt, of Calabasas, Cal.; George Persinger, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
092 Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office Los Angeles, Cal.
August 26, 1912

NOTICE is hereby given that Fred E. Collins, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on January 4, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 092, for S $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 18, E $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 24, Township 1 N., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 7th day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. "Claimant names as witnesses:

Earl G. Horton, Ray Horton, James G. Elliott, Marie Elliott, all of Calabasas, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
04033 Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
Sept. 7, 1912

NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph A. Anker of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on October 5, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11470, Serial No. 04033, for NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 27, W $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 15th day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John H. Schumacher, of Escondido Canon, Cal.; Edward Mellus, of Escondido Canon, Cal.; William D. Newell, of Corral Canon, Cal.; Edward Wickersham, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.

Miscellaneous Exhibition—Steckel Gallery.

Often, in one's goings and comings about a city the size of Los Angeles one is pleasantly surprised by finding an attractive shop in an unexpected locality. When such a discovery is made one always feels a sort of personal ownership in the concern and is sure to keep it in sight. In my excursions along pathways of art in and about Los Angeles and Pasadena, I have stumbled upon a number of unique and interesting art shops, each of which would supply copy for a "little journey" of great interest, but time and space alike forbid and I cannot dwell upon more than one of these "art nooks." The one in which I think the majority of my readers will be chiefly interested, and in truth the one with which I myself am particularly pleased is the Fine Arts Shop on South Figueroa street, of which Mr. P. J. Bachman is the presiding genius. My first visit there was on the occasion of a Japanese print exhibition held by Miss Nellie Huntington Gere of the Normal School Art Department. The courteous attention I received from Mr. Bachman at this time and the attractive arrangement of the display room made a deep impression and I have often repeated my call and invariably have been rewarded. Several of our prominent local painters have sought out this modest place for exhibitions of their work and always upon the soft brown walls or weathered oak picture rails are to be seen canvases, sketches, block prints, or watercolors by representative painters of the southland.

Locally, Mr. Bachman's fame has spread through the medium of his frame making, for where is a dealer who knows the relation of a frame to a picture, or vice versa, so truly as does this one. One must see several examples of his hand-made and hand-colored mouldings fully to appreciate the truth of my statement or its value to the artist. When Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn exhibited his matchless photographs at Blanchard Gallery, it was Mr. Bachman who designed and executed the frames. Dull ivory white, you say? Not at all. Each of the sixty-odd mouldings, while uniform in design, were totally unlike in tone. Each was treated to harmonize with the print it framed and the tone value of the photos was considered foremost.

Mr. Bachman came to Los Angeles from El Paso about four years ago. Previous to that time he was associated with the Scott-Thurber and the O'Brien galleries in Chicago. Among the interesting objects of art to be seen in the Figueroa street shop at the present time is a collection of Fulper pottery from the famous factory at Flemington, N. J., founded in 1805. A flower bowl in Verte antique and a vase in Mission matte glazes are of merit, as are a tea urn in cucumber green and a jar in "leopard skin." Mr. Bachman is sole agent for the work of the Caproni Brothers of Boston. This company turns out the best plastic reproductions of the world's masterpieces of sculpture of any in America and among the good things now on hand are "The Milton Shield," "Madonna" by Michael Angelo, "Dancing Bacchante," "Victory Untying Her Sandal," "Christ Head" by Thorwaldson, "Day and Night" by Michael Angelo, and the Medici vase. Mezzotints of the

works of old English masters, colored etchings, Japanese prints, Franz Hanfstaengl's reproductions of great paintings, color and monochrome monotypes by Miss Gere, wood block prints by Esther Crawford, and oils by Jack Smith and Regina O'Kane are among the many more worthy pictures to be seen on the walls at Bachman's.

To be a great painter is, of course, a great gift, but to be a good model is perhaps more unique for the reason that we see and know many good and one or two even great artists, but the good models are few and far between while the really great ones can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Over in Garavanza, living in a tiny bungalow perched on a hillside near the Church of the Angels, lives Signor Antonio Corsi, who is perhaps the world's most famous model, at any rate he is the best known, the most desired, and best advertised model, past or present, and that is just as

SIGNOR ANTONIO CORSI
[Photo by Johnson]

good. Corsi is an Italian by birth and began life as a strolling minstrel at eight years of age. The band, headed by the Signor's father, went to England while the lad was still very young and there it was that Felix Moscheles saw little Antonio and asked the youngster to pose for him. Moscheles recognized Corsi's unusual talent in this direction and suggested that he become a professional model. This he decided to do and his career since then reads like a fairy tale. It would be useless for me to endeavor at this time to throw any light upon Corsi's picturesque career. Few, indeed, there are to whom the man's name is strange. For the last twenty years special stories and illustrated articles about him have appeared at regular intervals in leading journals of the world. We are almost as familiar with the events and details of Corsi's life as with those of our favorite actor or of the President these United States. We know that his life has been crowded with rich and unusual experiences and that his work has been in no small measure one of value to the art world. His scrap book is a wonder to behold as is also his

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- e—revision of manuscripts.

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T. Clover, the editor of The Graphic, formerly managing editor of the Chicago Evening Post, of the Los Angeles Express, and the Los Angeles Evening News, will head the new organization as president. He will supervise the work, and will give individual attention to the services listed under "d." Harry Hammond Beall, who has been connected with the local dailies for the last six years, and has been publicity manager for several of the more prominent hotels, theaters and cafes, will be in direct charge as general manager. Madge H. Clover, well-known playwright, writer of verse and literary critic, is vice president.

Caroline Reynolds, associate editor of The Graphic, graceful writer of verse and book reviewer, has been selected for the office of secretary and treasurer, and will collaborate in the preparation of copy for publicity purposes.

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Corsi has posed for the majority of the most famous painters and sculptors of the past decade and his face and figure with the necessary changes appear in many of the world's great masterpieces. Among the noted artists for whom he has posed are Sir Alma-Tadema, Sir Frederick Leighton, John Sargent, Edwin A. Abbey, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Jean Leone Jerome, F. Vincent DuMond, J. W. Alexander, Edwin Blashfield, and others more or less famous. Since coming to Los Angeles less than six months ago, Corsi has posed almost steadily at the College of Fine Arts, U. S. C., and for a series of panels of Indian life by Warren E. Rollins. He has just signed a contract with the Los Angeles School of Art and Design to pose for its life classes exclusively the coming winter. Corsi likes Southern California because it is like his native Italy and he expects to remain here indefinitely.

Frank F. Stone has just completed a bronze bust of the late E. H. Edwards, "Pioneer of Lone Pine." This work will be placed in the plaza "At Lone Pine."

Four handsome new canvases have been added to the collection of paintings at the University Club. These works are from the vigorous brush of H. J. Brewer, formerly of Santa Barbara, and now located in the Shreve Building in San Francisco. Mr. Brewer is said to be one of the strongest painters in the west and since the death of William Keith is regarded as the dean of California landscapists. One of the best canvases now on the walls of the University Club is Brewer's "Mountain Peak in the Selkirks." Its technique is fine and true and the composition and general treatment are of great interest. "Large Sand Dunes, Monterey" is painted under a gray sky and "Small

Dunes" is seen in brilliant sunlight. Both are well drawn and the sand is particularly well painted. "Gray Day" is a study of poplar trees in the rain, noteworthy.

The feeling of rain makes the canvas September issue of the "International Studio" is a particularly fine one. The opening article by Mr. George Leland Hunter treats of "Tapestries in America." This is followed by an article on "The Paintings by Arthur Hacker, R. A." by A. A. Baldry. A. S. Levett describes "Some Vienesse Flower Stands and Vases" and Donald McLeish treats of "Photography of High Altitudes." "Anticolo Corrado, a Town of Models" is the subject of Frank Hyde's article and Jonathan A. Rawson, Jr., contributes an article on "Decorations of a Country House." Warren Wilmer Brown tells of Theodore H. Ford, Craftsman" and "An Exhibition of Paintings by American Artists" is noted. "Studio Talk," "Reviews and Notices," and "The Lay Figure" complete the contents. The color plates are especially fine.

Joseph Greenbaum left Friday evening for San Francisco to execute an important portrait commission

Fall term of Los Angeles School of Art and Design opens September 17. The school has added three new teachers to its faculty of instructors and lecturers—Henry Lovins in charge of drawing and painting; Eleanor H. Kohler, design, ceramics and metal crafts; Vera Basseft, elementary drawing. An exhibition of the students' work was held Thursday and Friday of this week, September 12 and 13.

Anne St. Clair will open in the Chamber of Commerce Building, Pasadena, a gallery for the sale of pictures by artists of Southern California. Among other pictures shown will be watercolors by the late Norman St. Clair.



Social & Personal

Monday evening Miss Ada Seeley, daughter of Mrs. Leah Seeley of 1515 South Figueroa street, became the bride of Mr. Roy Bayly, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Warder Bayly of West Twenty-eighth street. Rev. Baker P. Lee officiated at the ceremony, which was conducted at Christ Church. The bride wore a handsome gown of white satin charmeuse, with bodice and panel of real lace, and a long court train falling from the shoulders. Her veil, an exquisite duchesse lace designed by herself and made by the famous Brussels lace makers, was caught with orange blossoms, and her shower bouquet was of lilies of the valley. Miss Mabel Seeley, sister of the bride, and Miss Helen Brant, her most intimate friend, acted as maids of honor. They wore soft green crepe de chine over green charmeuse, with court trains, and their picture hats were also in green. They carried arm bouquets of maidenhair fern and tiny roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Eva Bayly, Miss Ruth Larned, Miss Florence Wachter, and Miss Rhodes were garbed in white satin draped with green chiffon and Chantilly lace, caught with clusters of pink roses, and their bouquets were of Cecil Brunners and maidenhair ferns. They, too, wore green picture hats, and all the attendants carried white enamel La Tosca staffs with gold mountings and engraved with their names. These were the gift of the bride to her attendants, and later are to be used as parasol handles. Mr. Bayly gave the men of his party ebony walking sticks with gold mountings. Mr. Walter Seeley gave his sister into the keeping of the groom, who was attended by Mr. Harold Bayly and Mr. Roland Seeley. Ushers were Mr. David Brant, Mr. Robert Peyton, Mr. Leo Smith and Mr. Lucian Cooke, a Virginia friend of Mr. Bayly. The church formed a beautiful setting for the impressive ceremony. Tall green bay trees wainscoted the walls, and the path of the bridal party was marked by masses of lilies and foliage dropping from the pew posts. The altar and chancel were banked with white blossoms and fernery. A special musical program was rendered before the ceremony. At the Ebell Clubhouse, where a reception was held, the decorations were of pink, green and white. The bridal table, which was set in the court, had a beautiful centerpiece of lilies of the valley and ferns surrounding a miniature fountain. Over the center of the table was a bell of white Killarney roses, from which floated doves holding bands of green tulle which were fastened by big bows to each chair. Green Dresden figures marked places for the girls, and white satin bells for the men. Favors were white satin bon-bon slippers and white satin horns filled with rice. Small tables for the other guests were placed in the tea rooms, each decked with a golden basket brimming with white Killarney roses. After the reception dancing was enjoyed, during which the bride and groom slipped away for a wedding journey, their destination being concealed. Mrs. Bayly wore a trim tailored suit of blue and a black hat trimmed with a paradise aigrette. In a few weeks the young couple will return to take up permanent residence in their new home on New Hampshire street. Miss Ruth Seeley Davis of Kansas City, Mo., who is the guest of Mrs. Leah Seeley, her cousin, and who came out especially for the wedding, has gone to Long Beach for a short stay. Miss Ruth

Larned, who was one of the bridesmaids, also left Tuesday evening, for a visit in the north.

Cards have been issued for the marriage of Miss Juliet Rhodes Borden, daughter of Mr. Sheldon Borden, to Lieutenant Irving Hall Mayfield, U. S. N., the ceremony to take place at St. John's Episcopal Church Wednesday evening, October 2. The event will be one of the most brilliant of the season, and in the list of attendants are found several of the prettiest birds of society. Mrs. Harry Borden, who is Miss Borden's intimate friend as well as her sister-in-law, will be a matron of honor, as will Mrs. Harry Ellis Collins, a cousin of the bride. Bridesmaids are Miss Katherine Stearns, Miss Katherine Johnson, Miss Virginia Walsh and the Misses Elizabeth and Florence Wood. Lieutenant Thomas A. Symington will be best man, and the ushers are Lieutenants Charles F. Pousland, Jesse B. Olendorf, Ensigns Chapline and Smith and Paymaster Henry Ellis Collins. Miss Borden is a Marlborough girl, and since her debut has been one of the most popular girls in the younger set. She has been the recipient of a number of pretty affairs since her engagement, among them that with which Miss Lucy Sanders of Bonnie Brae street entertained Thursday afternoon. This was a daintily-appointed luncheon, given in Miss Borden's honor, and also to compliment another bride-elect, Miss Edna Bennett. The table was aglow with pink roses, which were used as a centerpiece and places were marked by corsage bouquets of the same blossoms, combined with maidenhair ferns. Covers were placed for Miss Rae Belle Morlan, Miss Francis Richards, Miss Virginia Walsh, Mrs. Louis Tolhurst, Miss Fanny Pierce, Miss Mildred Burnett, Miss Emma Le Sage, Mrs. Harry Borden, Miss Katherine Stearns, the guests of honor and the hostess. This afternoon Mrs. James D. McCoy of 1196 West Twenty-eighth is giving a theater party at the Belasco, to be followed by tea at the Alexandria. Great yellow chrysanthemums will deck the tea table, where covers will be arranged for Miss Borden, Miss Katherine Stearns, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Conchita Sepulveda, Miss Virginia Walsh, Miss Florence Wood, Miss Katherine Johnson, Miss Mildred Burnett, Miss Marguerite Drake, Miss Ethel Parker Shaw and Mrs. Louis Tolhurst.

Miss Marie Bobrick is another popular bride-elect who is to receive a large share of attention in the weeks that intervene before her marriage to Mr. Alfred Wright, which takes place October 30. Miss Bobrick is a girl of unusual charm and a great social favorite. She has asked Miss Katherine Banning to act as maid of honor, and three intimate friends, Miss Virginia Nourse, Miss Sarah Clark and Miss Aileen McCarthy, will be bridesmaids. Mr. Wright is a Stanford man, and a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity. Mr. Mowatt Mitchell, who is to be best man. Mr. Jack Howard and Mr. Weston Wilson, who will act as ushers, are frat brothers. Arthur Bobrick, brother of the bride, is also to serve as usher. The wedding is to take place at the home of Miss Bobrick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Alexander Bobrick of Burlington avenue.

Mrs. R. H. Herron of Hotel Darby, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. William Hamilton Toaz, at Portland, Oregon, returned this week.

Mrs. M. A. Bostwick of West Adams street has left for New York.

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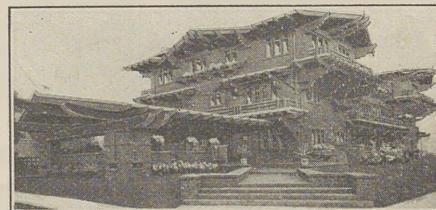
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where she will pass the winter. In the spring she contemplates her seventh trip abroad, but will return to Los Angeles next fall.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Gaffey and Miss Margaret Gaffey have been enjoying a stay in San Francisco, where Miss Gaffey was guest of honor at several affairs given by her cousin, Miss Geraldine St. John. Miss St. John accompanied them on their return and is at the Gaffey home in San Pedro.

Miss Kathleen Stegmaier, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Philip Forve of 427 Westlake avenue, has returned to her home at Wilkesbarre, Pa. Miss Mary Forve and Mr. Charles Forve accompanied her on her journey, Miss Forve to take up her studies at Briar Cliff Manor and Mr. Forve to return to Yale.

Miss Margaret Wing, daughter of Mrs. Horace Benjamin Wing, was married Monday, September 2, to Mr. Maurice Healey, at Essex-on-Lake Champaign, New York. The young people will be at home at 1639 Nineteenth street, Washington, D. C., after November 15.

Miss Sarah Watkins, daughter of Mrs. Lillian Watkins, has chosen Wednesday, September 18, as the date of her marriage to Mr. Paul D. Rowan,

who is the son of Mrs. George D. Rowan, 2077 Harvard boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny have reopened their home on Wilshire boulevard after a four months' absence in Europe.

Judge and Mrs. Victor E. Shaw and Miss Shaw have returned from a trip to Glenwood Springs, Colo.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Griffith of 939 West Twenty-first street and their children have gone to Sunland, California, where Mr. Griffith will establish himself in business.

Mr. and Mrs. John Van Giesen Posey are being congratulated on the arrival of a baby daughter. Mrs. Posey is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coulter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Keeney of Hotel Pepper will leave Sunday for a seven months' trip through the South Seas and the Orient.

Miss Mabel Seeley, daughter of Mrs. Leah Seeley of 1500 South Figueroa street, is on her way to Chicago to resume her studies.

Europe, Australia, Around the World
Several prominent Los Angelans are booked on foreign tours through D. F. Robertson, manager Steamship Dept. Citizens Trust & Savings Bank, 308 to 310 South Broadway.

The GRAPHIC



MRS. J. J. A. VAN KAATHOVEN
[One of society's charming hostesses]

Dear Marie: A roof garden in Los Angeles! This is the only feature which stands out in the plans of the Woman's Athletic Club house. How I have longed for the roof garden of the Astor or the beautiful out door cafes of the Knickerbocker and the Plaza. Just think of it, Marie, here where the sun shines 365 days and the moonlight is as regular as the calendar, we dine in a stifling inside diningroom or one that faces a crowded down-town street, and after the theater, when the air is balmy and calls us to enjoy it, we have to go down stairs into stuffy basements to get something to eat. It seems so ridiculous.

Back East, where it costs money to raise even geraniums in the winter the roof gardens are the attraction of New York, Boston and Chicago. It is beyond me why the Alexandria does not have one on its roof, way above the noise and dirt.

But the women of Los Angeles to the rescue! Besides the garden they have planned for a small theater, an immense ball room and everything else for a down-to-date club house. I understand that membership is by invitation and that the list is about completed. I have not received one as yet but maybe young girls are not going to be invited. I'll have to use my influence with mother for I surely want to join. The location is ideal—on Hill street facing the park. Three months ago an idea and next Tuesday the plans will be accepted! This is how we do things in Los Angeles.

Since Monday we have been resting. Ada Seeley was married that evening at Christ Episcopal Church. The arrangements were perfect and the decoration exquisite. White and green with just a trace of pink. An ideal setting for a wedding. Petite and graceful Ada never looked better than at the hour when she gave herself to Roy Bayly. She exhibited the same good taste in the arrangements for her wedding that she had shown in the selection of her new home and her trousseau. I greatly admire her gifts to her attendants. The La Tosca handles to hand-painted parasols was as original in thought as it was beautiful in execution. Her wedding veil which she had woven in Brussels by special order was a beauty.

All the attendants looked charming, but especially Ruth Larned. I may be prejudiced, but I am so fond of her. She is so popular that she has been bridesmaid four times already. She will have to perform the same office three times more if she will break the old charm. Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride, for this is decreed by the fates. The following day she left for Vancouver, B. C., to be gone for several weeks. We only hope her visit will not be extended as we shall all miss her.

Next week three weddings are scheduled, Elsie

Bennett's, Anita Mather's and Sarah Watkins'. I am not over the surprise the announcement of the latter's engagement gave me. I know Paul Rowan so well and had looked upon him as belonging to the Louis Vetter-Karl Klokke-Charley Seyler class that the formal announcements followed by the setting of the wedding day so quickly left me gasping. He is a charming fellow and I know she must be an exceedingly attractive girl. I hope to meet her soon and will write you about her.

I seem to have nothing to write about, except brides, but that is the condition we are up against. Everything is in honor of one or more of the many brides of the day.

Marie Bobrick has chosen her bridesmaids and so has Juliet Borden. The former is going to have a home wedding but Juliet is to be married at St. John's. It will be one of the most beautiful affairs that have ever taken place in Los Angeles. The groomsmen are all United States naval officers and the girls are young and pretty. What more can you ask? Mrs. Harry Borden and Paymaster Collins' wife are to be matrons of honor and the attendants are Elizabeth Wood, Florence Wood, Virginia Welch, Katherine Stearn. I wonder if this will be a forerunner of other weddings. Pretty girls and young officers—music—all are conducive to sentiment.

Juliet is to pass the winter at Coronado for which the crowd is thankful. The week-end parties at the Coronado Hotel will be often or I am mistaken.

As the winter season approaches the travelers head for home. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barham who have been traveling in Europe with the Hearsts, will soon be here, Mr. Barham arriving before the "little lady," she having decided to remain a few weeks with her mother in Detroit. Marie Barham is one of the best dressed women in Los Angeles. Having a petite figure and vivacious manners she dresses very much in the French fashion. Another woman who follows the advance styles to perfection is Mrs. Miner. What would look extreme in other people seems to be the correct thing on "Tulita Wilcox." I admire her more when she dresses in black, but blue and gold are also very becoming.

Another woman who shows exceptional taste in dressing is Mrs. William M. Garland. I saw her at the Orpheum one night this summer in a red outfit that was exceedingly becoming, especially the jaunty hat with its flaming red feather.

Among the younger girls Mrs. Prine Davis and



MRS. ROY BAYLY
[Who is the bride of the week]



MISS RUTH LARNED
[Who has gone north for a visit]
[Photo by Siefert]

Elizabeth Wood are both well dressed women. I met Elizabeth at the Alexandria the other day and she tells me she is going in for study this winter. She has a divine voice and I do not blame her. I almost envy any one who can sing.

The golf enthusiasts are all at Del Monte this week. By the daily papers I see that Conde Jones and Jack Jevne are making the northern crowd "sit up and take notice." Jack plays a dandy game and so does Conde. Among others whose names are mentioned are Sumner Hunt, Nat Wilshire, Ervin Armstrong, and Guy Cochran. I haven't heard the results of the women's rounds, but Miss Cheesborough will find worthy opponents among the wives of the above named men. Last year Jennie Crocker Whitman was the surprise of the tournament. Let us hope one of our girls will be the victor this year.

Marie, I believe that a man who plays golf, tennis, polo or any other game that takes his mind off of his business for a time is a more "livable" man than these hard working boys who are always intent on forging ahead. A happy medium between the Englishman who never works and the American who never does anything else is my ideal of a husband. There are a few in this world, a precious few, and so far your humble servant hasn't met his sort. She lives in hopes.

While writing this the postman left me a letter from Julia Flowers. She says Dona Arcadia Baker is slowly sinking. She may have passed away before this reaches you. Her death will plunge many families into mourning. Although no direct heirs she has scores of nieces, grand nieces and great grand nieces who are prominent in Los Angeles society.

While others are coming home others are planning to leave for trips east. Mrs. J. J. A. van Kaathoven is to be gone for the first part of the season, visiting relatives in Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Will Hook and the Walter Leeds will be away for a while, but by Christmas nearly every one will be home and what a gay winter we have all planned!

I am so anxious to see Sallie MacFarland. She has been away almost a year and we will all be glad to see her charming face among us again.

Well, dear, the postman is two doors away so will close. Lovingly,
Miss Marie Livingston, ELIZABETH.

Southampton, L. I., New York.

Resuming Home Ties

Having brought the McKinney case to a successful close, Le Compte Davis, the criminal lawyer, has temporarily turned over the bulk of his law business to his partner Jud Rush, and has set out for a short vacation which includes a trip to the home of his wife's parents in Kentucky. He will remain several weeks in the east, and is planning to forget for the time being writs of habeas corpus and appeals on error.

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Undoubtedly, the combination of "Pierre of the Plains" and Richard Bennett is one of the most popular that ever existed at the Burbank theater. Sunday afternoon Bennett's picturesque portrayal of the gallant Pierre brought forth a demonstration that approached a riot. The house fairly shook with every sort of applause—ranging from shrill gallery whistles, stamped feet in the balcony, to gloved hand-clapping in the parquet. In the first place, Pierre is one of the

this year, in the words of the circus press-agent, is bigger and better than ever before. Miss Morrison is not so fortunate in her role. Her voice has no cadence, her emotion is noisy, and there is little allure about her acting. Robert Leonard is splendidly fitted to the role of Sergeant Tom Redding, accepted lover of Jen Galbraith, for whom Pierre entertains his pitifully hopeless passion. Harry Mestayer, James Corrigan, H. S. Duffield and David Hartford are good in minor roles, the latter's reappearance after his absence from illness being warmly



MADGE TORRANCE IN "THE AWAKENING OF TOYS" AT ORPHEUM

most romantic figures in dramatic literature, and Richard Bennett makes him real by a fine study. Pierre's fascinating habitant accent, his flashing smile, his debonair charm, his gambler's fatalism, the pathetic loneliness of his soul—these are so vividly drawn by Bennett that Pierre takes firm hold on the heart. Theatergoers may be thankful that Bennett's favorite version of the play is used—that which retains the "unhappy ending." It gives the principal actor opportunity for a climax which is truly artistic. Pierre is the best thing Bennett has done in this city, and his conception

greeted. Charles Giblyn plays Jap Durkin, the villain, and plays him so well that he is hissed, audibly and heartily; which, considering that Giblyn is a strong favorite with his public is more of a tribute to his acting than hand-claps. Willis Marks in a bit of eccentric character painting is capital.

"Just Out of College," at the Belasco

George Ade should prohibit any further productions of his so-called light-comedy, "Just Out of College" if he desires to retain his earned reputation as an humorist. His plot is hackneyed, his characters are as fa-

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miliar as a primer, his love story is anything but romantic, and there is no real action of any description. Handicapped by such poor material, the Belasco company is still further burdened by the fact that it is not familiar with lines and not prompt in picking up cues. The impression left by the entire production is that it is just a filler and that none of the company regards it as worth serious effort. Robert Ober plays Edward Worthington Swinger, the young college grad who persuades his father-in-law-elect to lend him money and then proceeds to start a pickle business in opposition. Ober plays Swinger exactly as he played Will Ganton last week, forgetting that variety is the spice of life. James K. Applebee comes nearer preserving dramatic varieties than anyone except Howard Scott, whose effeminate professor is a good piece of character work. Donald Bowles is the only really "funny" thing in the entire performance, as "Slivers" Mason, the eternally intoxicated young collegian. Selma Paley does well as the haughty stenographer, although Ade burlesqued the part, instead of making it satirical. The calf-eyed lover of William Wolbert is a good bit, as is the souvenir hunter of Thomas McLarnie. The feminine contingent has little opportunity, except in the case of Florence Oberle, who will be excellent when she learns her lines. The cast is extremely long and the amateurs employed unconsciously supply cause for hilarity on the part of the audiences.

Fun Rules at the Orpheum

One always laughs with Mrs. Gene Hughes, not at her; she instills the ginger of humor into a dull confection and the spectator does not think of art, dramatic worth, literary merits or demerits while she is on the stage. In other words, she dulls the critical faculty by tickling the sense of humor, which is praise indeed. Therefore, in her playlet, "Youth," which she is presenting at the Orpheum this week, she sweeps everything before her with a gale of laughter, and it is not until afterward that one remembers what an impossibly young grandmother she is, and what improbable circumstances and coincidences mark the action of the little comedy. There is nothing artistic about the play; its laughs are frequently gained by trickery; but so long as it occasions spontaneous mirth it serves a good purpose. Another laughmaker, even better at the game than Mrs. Hughes, is W. C. Fields. Fields is a juggler of extraordinary skill. He has several new feats; including an encounter with a billiard table, and his comedy work is good for

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many chuckles and several guffaws. His off-stage noises are silly and have no excuse for being, and he should reconstruct his act, giving it a better climax. Charley Case returns after a long absence, with a black-face makeup and several new stories. Comedians should remember that brevity is the soul of wit; and if Mr. Case were to cut out about half of his nonsense, the remainder would be deliciously absurd. The Bradshaw Brothers, clever contortionists, assist in the general fun-making with strange twistings of their bodies, combined with bromidic merrymaking. The holdovers, William Burr and Daphne Hope, Kathi Gultini and W. H. St. James do not improve with a second week, but Martin Johnson's pictures, several of which are new this week, are highly entertaining.

Heart of Africa at the Majestic
This is the day of moving pictures, and steadily the industry is progressing, until the patron of these entertainments will be as well versed in the mysteries of the globe as any wide traveler. Such an exhibition as that put on at the Majestic this week, in the form of Paul J. Rainey's African pictures, cannot but educate the spectators, as well as provide them with entertainment. It is uncannily weird to sit in one's comfortable theater chair and be transported to the wilds of Africa, with herds of zebras, with

gaunt giraffes, hideous rhinoceroses, wild elephants, hyenas, jackals, and other awesome creatures seemingly near enough to touch. It is interesting enough to see these animals confined in a zoo or a circus, but to see them, lithe, defensive, wary, in their native haunts is absolutely fascinating. Insight is given into methods of transportation in Africa; into the tribal foibles, etc.; and the pictures of the hunt are thrilling. The film showing the water hole, a titanically desolate spot where the wild animals come to drink is a triumph. It is like Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book come true. The lion hunt, in which the dogs trail and destroy a mighty king of the desert holds the spectators enthralled. Several of the pictures are artistic to a degree—revealing the mysterious lights and shadows of the veldt; the caravans fording a stream; a lithe cheetah silhouetted against the sky as he makes his last stand from a tree top. They are as impressive as paintings in their details and have the added value of life. They should be missed by no one.

Offerings for Next Week

Monday night will mark one of the most important events in the Belasco season, when Orrin Johnson and Marguerite Leslie will begin their joint starring engagement in Charles Klein's latest play, "The Gamblers." Mr. Johnson is one of the most prominent leading men on the stage, having supported many of the shining stars. Miss Leslie comes from London, where she is regarded as a brilliant actress. In "The Gamblers" Mr. Johnson will be seen as Wilbur Emerson, the head of a banking system, who becomes involved with the government because of the illegal methods used in his financial operations. Miss Leslie will also have a good opportunity as Catherine Darwin, wife of the prosecuting attorney, who seeks to avenge himself upon Emerson, as well as to carry out the law. "The Gamblers" is regarded as Klein's best play, and is an intensely interesting story of modern life in America. This is the first stock company production of the play, and it gains added interest from the first appearance of two stars.

Sunday afternoon the Burbank company will offer Winchell Smith's recent comedy hit, "Bobby Burnit," a dramatization of George Randolph Chester's popular short stories. Donald Bowles will be seen in the title role. Bobby inherits a large fortune from his father, who has been such a good business man that he has accumulated millions, and such a poor parent that the boy has no idea how to care for his inheritance. However, through the efforts of his sweetheart and one or two staunch friends and advisers he manages to hold his own. Bobby is taken in by Silas Trimmer, who induces him to consolidate the Burnit stores with the Trimmer stores, and to invest his cash in an electric company. It is Trimmer's ambition to live up to his name and leave Bobby penniless, but the young man has inherited his father's shrewdness and turns the tables on his enemies, after a spectacular struggle.

So great has been the success of the Paul J. Rainey motion pictures at the Majestic that they will be retained a second week. The house has been crowded since the opening matinee, and audiences have voted the pictures one of the most interesting exhibits that have been seen. The Rainey pictures visualize the wild of Africa, showing the strange animals that live in the dark continent, picture them in thrilling situations, and giving views of their native haunts. The display is novel as well as interesting and instructive.

With four funmakers holding over, and several new ones coming, comedy will reign supreme at the Orpheum for the week beginning Monday matinee, Sept. 16. The new topliner act is presented by DeWitt, Burns and Torrence, who will offer a little skit,

"The Awakening of the Toys," in which one impersonates a Jack in the Box, the second a wooden soldier and the third a Pierrot doll. In these characters they depict the coming to life of the toys Christmas Eve. This week's playlet is to be given by Harrison Armstrong's players. It is called "Squaring Accounts," and only two characters are utilized—a gruff old landlord and a lively newsboy, played by Richard Nesmith and Verne Sheridan. Van Brothers combine harmony and comedy in their skit, "Can Jimmy Come In?" The boys play duets on several instruments, and have an unique make-up and humorous patter. Cesare Nesi is billed as "the young Caruso." His voice is said to be wonderful; naturally liquid and remarkable, with good training to add to its luster. He has risen from street arab to vaudeville star. W. C. Fields, "the silent humorist," Mrs. Gene Hughes and company in "Youth," Charley Case, and the Bradshaw Brothers are holdovers. The Frankenstein orchestra will give a Schubert program, and there will be new motion pictures. A week later come Edmond Hayes & Co., Grace Cameron and Elsa Ruegger.

Fashion Show week will be appropriately celebrated at the cabaret show at Brink's cafe by the appearance of the performers in late models of Parisian gowns at the evening shows, while at noon and afternoon performances tailored gowns and afternoon frocks will be in evidence. The men on the program will also take part in the sartorial blossoming, appearing in toggery direct from London. Madame Dossena, the coloratura soprano, who returns for a brief engagement by popular request, is the headline feature with her selections from grand opera. Katherine Thompson, with her semi-classic and popular selections on the saxophone, is to be retained as a stellar feature for a second week. "Happy Anna Robinson," the ragtime soubrette, will introduce ultra fashionable songs. Emilie Gardner remains with light opera selections and Wilbur Ross' popularity is so great that he will be retained for a ninth week. The symphony orchestra, directed by Herr Franz Buckner, also remains another week.

"Pomander Walk," Louis N. Parker's quaint idyl of 1805, will open a week's engagement at the Mason Opera House Monday evening, September 28. A number of notable English players, known here by reputation only, will be introduced to Los Angeles in this production, which ran for an entire season at Wallack's Theater, New York.

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Books

If it were possible to dissociate the work of Harold Bell Wright from the flamboyant and ridiculous efforts of his press agent, the reviewing of his books would be a simpler and more pleasing task. When one reads of "The Uncrowned King" that "it is the greatest story since Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," and of "The Winning of Barbara Worth" that it is the "most popular book in all the world," there is an eager excitement on the part of the readers. "Here at last," one says, "must be the long looked for American novel!" "A book that will mould and make nations," adds the press agent: "that transcends Dickens, Hugo, Thackeray, Galsworthy and the other moderns." "Some book," doubtless murmur dozens of jaded reviewers, "lead me to it!" And then, to find what? A simple, pleasant love story, without any big moment to make it notable, placed against the background of a reclaimed desert land. That holds romance and wonders in itself and Mr. Wright has felt the exaltation of it and gives a trustworthy account of the vision as it possessed the prime movers of this mighty undertaking. But to "mould and make nations!"

It is hard to be just, in a judgment so misled. The reaction tells against Mr. Wright's work, inevitably. This sort of "boosting" undoubtedly sells carloads of books, but it makes no permanent place in literature for any man. Such over-praise is perilous. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Wright thinks only of financial returns or of the present hour, for there breathes a spirit in his books of real human sympathy and love of his kind, that augurs sincerity and high purpose, but he certainly has fallen into the hands of the Philistines. There is evidence of a steady improvement in style which is well, for Mr. Wright may, in that way, forge his best weapons to defend his place in literature, against the time, surely coming, when he will suffer from the suspicion bred by his advertising agent.

"Their Yesterdays," just published, "exalting life and love; tender with sentiment, pathos and realism; honors the home, supremely glorifies the wife and mother," to quote advance notices, is a love story of an impersonal kind, lifted above persons into the realm of allegory. The theme is the pity of woman forced into business, away from the possibility of home-making and motherhood. "What They Found in Their Yesterdays."

And the man and the woman who went back into Their Yesterdays found there the Thirteen Truly Great Things of Life. Just as they found these things in their grown up days, even unto the end, as they found them in Their Yesterdays. Thirteen truly great things of life these are. No life can have less. No life can have more. All of life is in them. No life is without them all. Dreams, occupations, knowledge, ignorance, religion, tradition, temptation, life, death, failure, success, love, memories. These are the thirteen truly great things of life—found by the man and the woman in their grown up days—found by them in Their Yesterdays—and they found no others.

This is the manner of the book: A girl and a boy go from their country homes, into the life of cities; each experiences the thirteen truly great things of life and in the end find each other. The chapters are thirteen, treating of the Great Things. Mr. Wright presents nothing original and is often blinded by sentimentality in his conclusions. He deplores the woman in business, as who does not? but sees only the surface of the situation when

it is spicily served up by Mrs. he assumes that it is her choice to be there, that she wishes to shirk maternity and the humble things dear to the heart of every woman.

It is a man-ordered world, or always has been, and the appalling conditions are the result. Women rarely choose anything, they are forced into situations to do the best they can with them. But it is women themselves who are now asking what is wrong, and trying to do something about it. Like many another, Mr. Wright trembles for the home. Well he may—it has been taken away from so many women, but not by their choice. "Their Yesterdays" is an essay padded to make a book. The theme is human, of the moment, full of tender reminiscences of childhood, and will interest the large reading public, but it is a little too oracular and trite to have lasting value. Illustrations in color by F. Graham Coates add to the book's attractiveness. ("Their Yesterdays." By Harold Bell Wright. The Book Supply Company.)

Travel Sketches by a Clever Woman

In her "Browsing Round the World" Mrs. Bertha Adele Penny, the keen-eyed wife of a well-known newspaperman of Long Beach, has collated a series of letters describing the incidents and events of a journey through Japan, the Philippines, China, Malay States, Burma, India, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, France and England. Mrs. Penny made the trip a year ago with a party of Californians, many from this section. Early in her sprightly narrative the author betrays a fine sense of humor which, doubtless, aided in saving her from many an otherwise unpleasant experience. Her efforts to educate the Chinese cabin steward to a proper understanding of what was wanted are portrayed with graphic fidelity. Japan offered a mine of observation to the traveler whose feminine eyes noted what many a mere man would have overlooked. Her description of the Japanese women's apparel, their habits and customs are fresh and breezy. She is impressed by the fact that there is no indication of race suicide in Nippon. One wonders whether the author was the sole woman game enough to attempt the proffered bath, after "shooing" away the attendants? Amusing accounts are related of the native customs, excessive politeness of the people and above all of their Japanned English. The Filipino English, judging from the examples given, is of near kin to the Japanese kind. While these are but birdseye views of the various countries visited Mrs. Penny has caught the salient features admirably and has elected to describe those human customs that make the most interesting reading because of their points of difference. Wisely avoiding detailed accounts of familiar sights she has illuminated the sights less widely known and as a result her little book is of far greater interest than many a more pretentious volume of travel notes. The temptation to quote is constant, but with so much that is worth while it is hard to discriminate. The subjects treated in these round-the-world browsings are nicely segregated and appear under separate headings. There is nothing "headachy" about Mrs. Penny's thoughts. What impressed our traveler in Calcutta was its smells and with merry humor the chapter closes with a clever burlesque of Poe's "Bells," only the subject is the city's septic tank or its equivalent. Every spot vis-

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Penny in quip, anecdote or brief description and the highlights are thrown on with the deft touch of a trained newspaper writer, which we suspect this observant woman to be. Altogether, her "Browsing" is the next best thing to the trip itself and reading of certain of the discomforts experienced in the Orient reconciles one to the fact that he stayed at home and enjoyed these clever thumbnail sketches instead. ("Browsing Round the World." By Bertha Adele Penny. Published by the Author.)

MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH

Arnold Bennett's sixth paper on "Your United States" appears in Harper's Magazine for September.

Fiction features include, "The Balking of Christopher," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, "The Beautiful Young Man," by Inez Haynes Gillmore, "Isaac," by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, "Fuego," by Horace Fish, "How Poor an Instrument," by Katherine Metcalf Roof, Gilbert Parker's serial, "The Judgment House," and Clarence Day, Jr.'s "The Pandemonium of Animals." Other attractions are "Trouville, A Paris by the Sea," by Harrison Rhodes, "Adventuring Along the Upper Orinoco," by Caspar Whitney, "Sun-Storms and the Earth," by E. Walter Maunders, Albert Bigelow Paine's biography of Mark Twain, "Some Continental Visits," and William Dean Howells' comments and editorials.

News and Gossip Along Automobile Row

NEW COUNTY SPEED LAW DEMANDED

Any day in the local police and justice courts you can see well dressed men and women from representative families of Southern California sitting in the prisoners' docket alongside of thugs, burglars, highwaymen and habitual drunkards waiting for their cases to be called for having violated the "speed" law of the county or city. It often happens that the drunkard or pickpocket is let off with a lighter fine or sentence than the violator of the "speed" ordinance. Because these persons have driven their automobiles faster than the twenty-mile limit prescribed by "law" they are humiliated by having to appear in court for "punishment" along with the riff-raff of the city. Is this an ideal situation? Let the twenty-mile proscription be raised to thirty on the county roads.

Planning for the Phoenix Event—

With the Los Angeles-Phoenix road race scarcely more than a month distant, local automobile dealers and motor enthusiasts are planning to make it one of the most successful motor car classics in the west. All eyes are turned toward Phoenix on the map, and around the twenty-first of October on the calendar. The race will be over the valley route through Alhambra, El Monte, Puente, Pomona, Ontario, Bloomington, Colton, Redlands Junction, Beaumont, Banning, the San Gorgonio Pass to Whitewater, Palm Springs, Indio, Mecca, down the southern side of the Salton Sea to Brawley, in the Imperial Valley, then from Brawley to Giamis and on to Yuma. The route through Arizona will be by way of Dome, Deep Well, Middle Wells, Agua Caliente and on into Phoenix. The prize at stake for the winner is \$5000, a sum larger than has ever been offered before for any western event. Next week several of the drivers are planning to drive over the course to accustom themselves to the grades and curves of the roads. Lights and bon fires are to be at the dangerous curves to warn drivers. Three local men have already entered, but the majority are waiting until a little later before filling out their slips. Don Lee has entered a Cadillac. Earl Y. Boothe a National, and Ralph Hamlin a Franklin.

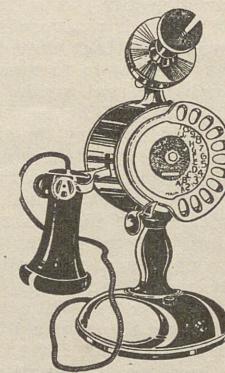
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Feeling Their Oats—Attachments of the Lord Motor Car company are planning to stage a long distance event for electrics in Southern California in order to demonstrate just how much of a Marathoner an electric automobile can be. Great is their jubilation over the achievement of a Flanders Colonial electric coupe which was recently driven from Detroit to New Orleans as a pathfinder for the Glidden tour, by A. L. Westgard, official pilot for the A. A. A. The total run was in excess of 1700 miles and was made in twenty-one and a half days, actual running time. When the car arrived at New Orleans it is said to have shown but slight traces of the long grind to which it had been subjected, despite the fact that it had climbed hills, and plowed through muddy lowland roads that might have balked a powerful gas car. Westgard asserts that he experienced no trouble of any sort on the trip. After hearing of this exploit the local agents of the Flanders believe the car equal to any grind in California.

* * *

Autos in the National Park—Southern California motorists are anxiously awaiting the result of the conference to be held at Yosemite Park next month at which the advisability of admitting automobiles into the national reserve will be discussed. The conference will be presided over by Secretary of the Interior Fisher, and will be attended by the western congressmen, interested Californians, and representatives of the

back on the job, after a hunting trip in Mono county, which probably breaks all records for fruitlessness. The sum total of game killed on the trip was one jack rabbit. With a party of friends he left here in a National car for the wilds of the north with his heart set on nothing less than a bear or deer. After no end of tramping and searching the bear and deer were found to be conspicuous by their absence. Rather than return home without at least one scalp Halliwell caused a passing rabbit to fall victim to his shot gun.



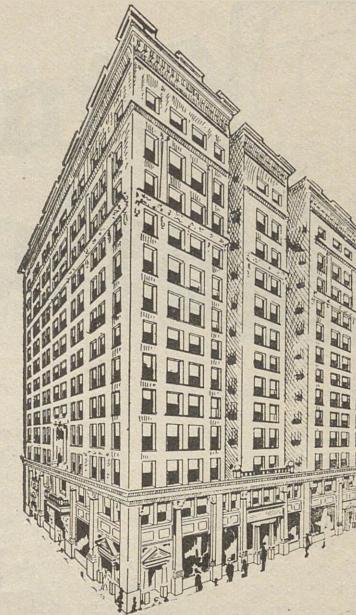
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Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

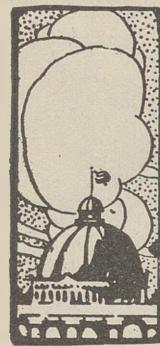
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Stocks & Bonds



Investment securities of the better class have been the prime favorites in a market this week that has measured up with the best of the year, and the indications for much better things could hardly be more promising. Bank, oil and industrial shares accepted as first-class loan collateral are in demand at prices close to the best of recent trading. All of the better grade of petroleum stocks are firm, with an undertone that leaves little to be desired.

First National, All Night and Day, California Savings, Security, Citizens National, and National Bank of California, comprise banking issues being sought by investors, with the Edisons in the industrial list, and with L. A. Home bonds also in demand. Amalgamated, among the oils, has gained again this week better than \$4 a share, with experts predicting par, before the present bull campaign is ended. The quotation at this writing is 84 bid. Two weeks ago the market was 75 with sales in quantity at that figure. Associated also took on one of its periodical spurts this week, with a gain of about a point in the stock since the last report. As is usual with this issue, all sorts of good news is once more being promised for the shares, with the public down here, however, somewhat shy when it comes to taking to the bait in sight. All of the Stewarts are soft, with manipulative prices made as readily as is necessary to save face for these securities.

Doheny Americans are weak, but the Mexican issues of the same origin are fairly strong. Mexican common has been skyrocketing in the New York market all week, in the face of a brand new war scare and the preferred is acting as if there is to be a melon cutting one of these days in the stock, although the good thing may not show itself for sometime yet. The next ten days should tell the story. Santa Marias are not active; Rice Ranch is a recent price trimmer to the extent of about eight points. Central continues moderately firm. Columbia is again in demand.

California Midway in the lesser list is up and down from five to eight points, as reports seep in from the company's operations detailing progress upon its long overdue gusher. National Pacific also is heavy for the time being.

Among the bonds known in this market Union Oil 5s are firm, and Associated Oil 5s are wanted at all times. Los Angeles Homes find a ready market at the best of recent quotations. The remainder of the list, apparently, does not promise a great deal for the present.

Edison, common as well as preferred, finds buyers at all times.

There is no sign of anything satisfactory in the mining share market, and the few transactions of this class do not indicate a great deal for the near future.

Money conditions continue satisfactory in every way, with the presidential campaign having no effect upon supply or demand to this time. There is no sign of anything like a drastic change in established rates.

Banks and Banking

Chicago national banks reflect strength in their statements to the comptroller in compliance with the call for a report

of condition at the close of business Sept. 4. Since the last call the fifteen national institutions have contracted their loans \$17,052,726 and have increased their cash means \$11,917,162, while their deposits have increased only \$298,751. This is a favorable showing in view of the fact that the crop demand has well begun to manifest itself, although the real strain will develop a little later. The banks carrying the larger country balances, of course, reflect the greatest preparation for the crop requirements in their cash means and loan contraction. Several of the larger banks make a remarkable showing in the three principal items. In deposits the Continental is only a little more than \$2,000,000 under the last call June 14, while the Corn Exchange shows a loss of a little more than \$3,000,000. The First National shows an increase in deposits of upward of \$2,000,000, and the Fort Dearborn reports an increase of upward of \$2,500,000. The Continental and Commercial shows a loan contraction of \$12,000,000, the Corn Exchange of nearly \$2,000,000 and the First National shows a loan expansion of about \$3,000,000 and the Fort Dearborn of about \$1,500,000.

Capital stock amounting to \$25,000 has been raised for a bank to be established at Hermosa Beach.

First National Bank of Glendale has purchased a new site at Brand and Broadway and will erect a \$25,000 building.

Undaunted by the destruction of its former home, the Merchants Commercial Savings Bank of Ocean Park is making plans for the construction of a three-story fire-proof building on its old site.

W. H. Holliday and the combined Hellman interests are now in control of the stock of the Merchants Bank and Trust Company, through a transfer of stock amounting to half a million dollars. It is rumored that consolidation with the All Night and Day Bank is to follow in a few days. New powers in the Merchants concern are L. C. Brand, president, W. H. Holliday, chairman of the board of directors, Irving H. Hellman, first vice-president, George B. Epstein, vice-president and secretary, and directors, Marco H. Hellman, Benjamin E. Page, W. L. Valentine, Louis M. Cole and M. A. Hamberger.

Last week's bank clearings, as compiled by Dun's Review, show a gain of 10.5 per cent, as compared with 1911, and of not less than 17.6 per cent over the same week in 1910. A feature of the week's report is the large gain at New York, where the quiet which has prevailed in the speculative markets is sufficient attestation that the gain is chiefly due to expansion in commercial lines. Here the gain was 14.4 per cent over last year, and 23 per cent over 1910. One significant point in the current statistics compiled by Dun's is the large increase in the daily average transactions for September to date. This tabulation shows a gain of 16.3 per cent over the daily average clearings in 1911, and of 23.5 per cent over the daily average in 1910.

Stock and Bond Briefs

For the second time in the history of New York City's credit, its 4 1/4 per

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RESOURCES OVER \$47,000,000.00
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**Los Angeles Gas and Electric
Corporation**

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cent bonds has been sold below par. It is true they went only 1/8 below that figure, but the decline is none the less serious. It means that the controller would have to make the interest rate on a new issue 4 1/2 per cent at least to comply with the requirements that no city stock shall be sold for less than par. The 4 1/4s brought an average price close to 101, and sold a little above that figure soon after issuance. They first sold under par last Wednesday, when \$311,000 changed hands. The following day they recovered, but the slight gain was soon lost. The weakness of the city issues extended throughout the entire list of high-grade bonds, and was explained on the ground that banks were liquidating their holdings in order to increase their cash for loan purposes.

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Return Limit

October 31, 1912.

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NAME.

OFFICERS.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK
Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Second and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$800,000.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE
IN LOS ANGELES
N. E. Cor. Second and Main

F. M. DOUGLAS, President.
H. J. STAVE, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.
Surplus, \$25,000.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.00.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus & Undivided Profits, \$60,000.

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THE EAST. THEY WILL THANK YOU.

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Pacific Electric Railway

First National Bank of Los Angeles

STATEMENT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS
SEPT. 4, 1912.

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts \$14,446,881.23	Capital Stock \$ 1,500,000.00
Bonds, Securities, etc. (Bonds Only) 1,215,550.00	Surplus and Undivided Profits 2,436,048.41
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation 1,250,000.00	Circulation 616,047.50
Premium on U. S. Bonds... None	Reserved for Taxes, etc. 75,847.51
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit 101,520.54	Letters of Credit 101,920.54
Cash and Sight Exchange .. 5,618,829.44	Deposits 17,957,994.55
New Furniture and Fixtures 26,849.18	
Real Estate 28,228.12	
TOTAL \$22,687,858.51	TOTAL \$22,687,858.51

No Premium on
U. S. Bonds.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
County of Los Angeles. }

I. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier of the above named
bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is
true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this sixth day of

September, 1912.

Correct—Attest: W. H. HAMAKER, Notary Public.

J. M. ELLIOTT, STODDARD JESS, W. C. PATTER-
SON, JOHN P. BURKE, FRANK P. FLINT, H. JEVNE,
DAN MURPHY, F. Q. STORY. Directors.

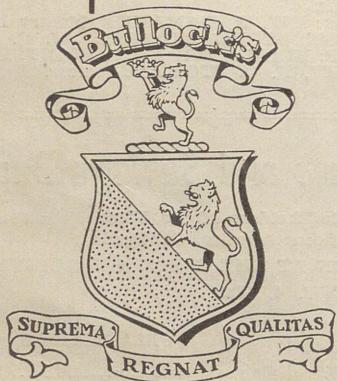
Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank

Owned by the Stockholders of the First
National Bank of Los Angeles, California

STATEMENT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS
SEPT. 4, 1912.

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts \$11,751,280.86	Capital \$ 1,500,000.00
Bonds, Securities, etc. 2,048,400.82	Surplus and Undivided Profits 1,165,162.23
Banking House, Furniture & Fixtures 1,145,000.00	Bond Account 150,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange .. 4,344,014.77	Deposits—Demand \$6,379,704.98 Time 10,993,829.24 17,373,534.22
TOTAL \$20,188,696.45	TOTAL \$20,188,696.45

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—Have you seen them—the new, the different coats that are crowding the department on the 2nd floor? These distinctively attractive models are the talk of the sales-force—Seldom, if ever such combinations of the stylish and the practical. For street wear, for motoring, for dress occasions—every style coat is here right now, in a variety of textures and styles.

—For street and motoring there are rich two tone brown coats of zibeline, gray, brown and navy chin-chillas, rough Scotch mixtures in gray, in black; double faced polo cloths, in leather browns, grays and black.

—Then there are ever so many styles—the plain long straight line coats with rounding or square corners and revere or storm collar of self material with a novelty button to finish. There are full length Russian blouse models along military modes, mannish coats with large patch pockets—\$25.

—At \$29.50 there are striking models of black and white wool astrachan—of individual style, another mode of fancy brown and white snowflake zibeline is particularly smart.

—There are so many new and different coats, one could spend an entire day profitably in seeing and hearing of what is proper in coats for fall and winter. Spend your shopping excursion at Bullock's, and first thing see the new coats—Second Floor.

